

SILVER STREAK COMICS



CAN LANCE
HALE
DEFEAT THE
CLAWING
MONSTER?

DOES
ACE POWERS
ESCAPE THIS
MURDEROUS
MANIAC?

YOU CAN
BUILD
MY LATEST
INVENTION!
THE PLANS
ARE IN THIS
ISSUE!

ANGER
DYNAMIC



JACK COLE

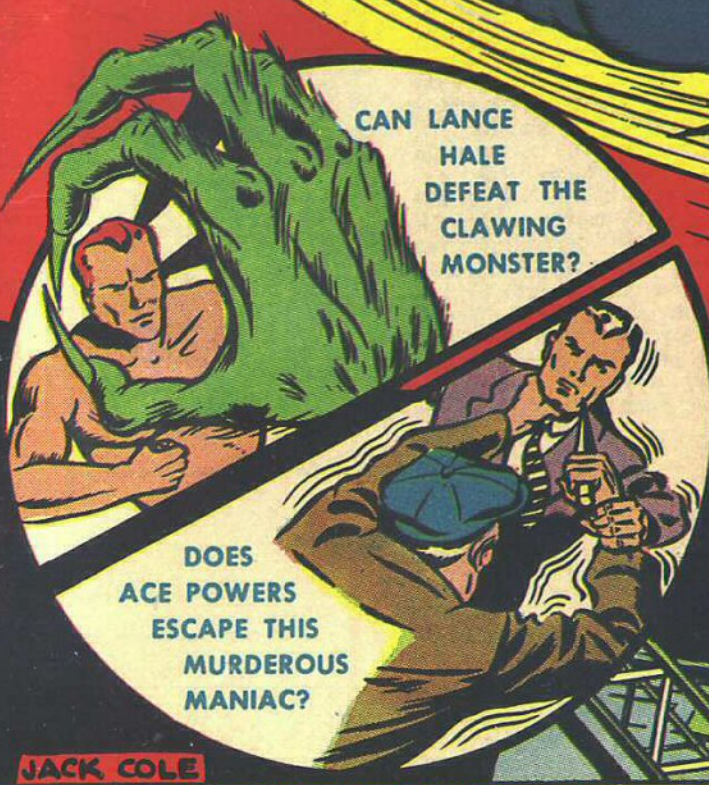
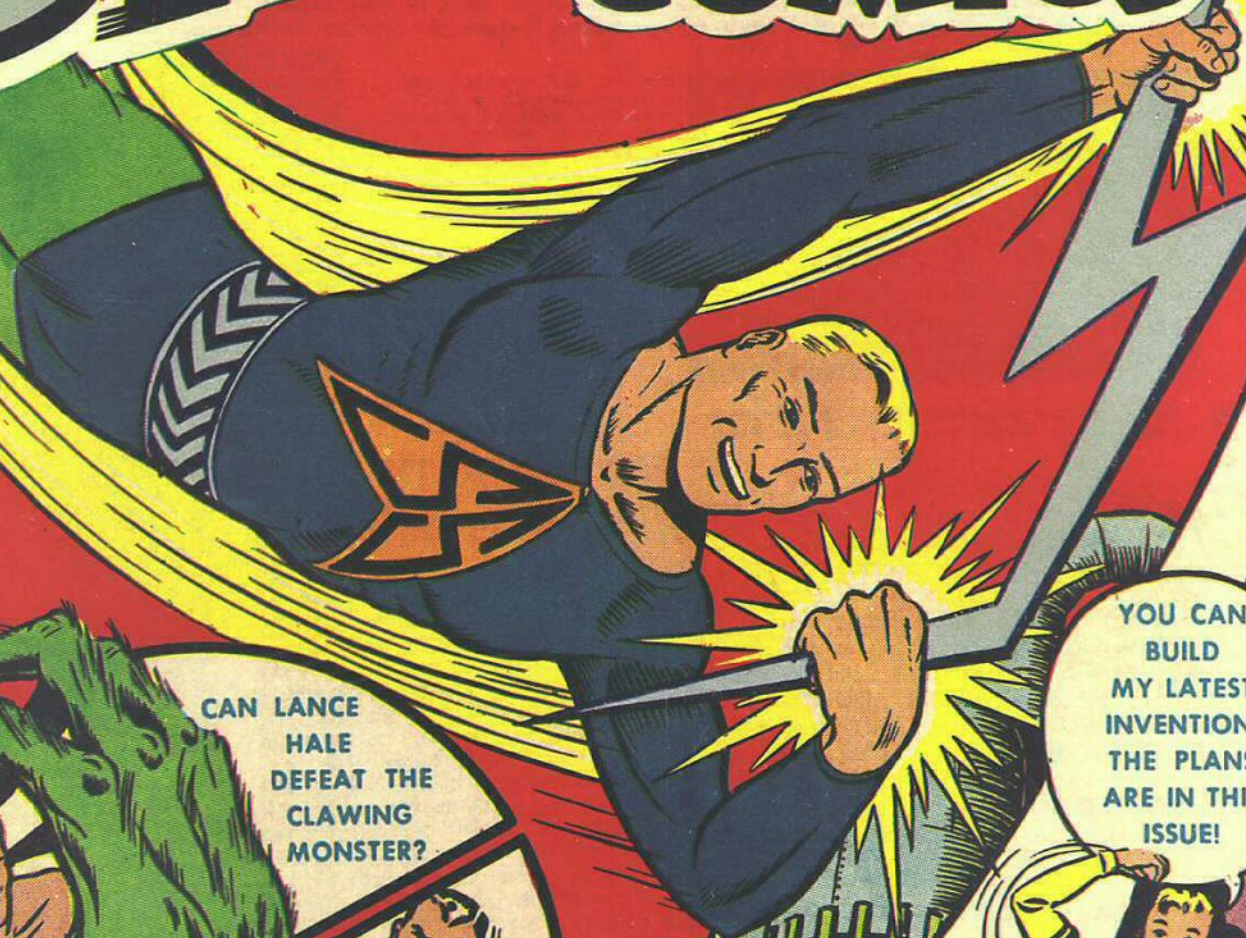
DON'T MISS THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF
DICKIE DEAN—THE BOY INVENTOR
SEE HOW DICKIE STOPS THE RAGING FLOOD!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

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Charlie Barnet Uses Home Recordo!



Charlie Barnet in his private hotel suite checking a disk by Judy Ellington and Larry Taylor, Vocalists in his band.

You, Too,
Can Make
Your Own
Records If
You Sing
or Play an
Instrument



Judy Ellington heard in Charlie Barnet's Band making a Home Recordo record for her personal album.

MAKE YOUR OWN RECORDS AT HOME

Before spending money for an audition, make a "home record" of your voice or musical instrument and mail it to a reliable agency . . . you might be one of the lucky ones to find fame and success through this easy method of bringing your talents before the proper authorities.



Larry Taylor, Vocalist in Charlie Barnet's Band, listening to a play back of a recording he just made with Home Recordo.

Now a new invention permits you to make a professional-like recording of your own singing, talking or instrument playing. Any one can quickly and easily make phonograph records and play them back at once. Record your voice or your friend's voices. If you play an instrument, you can make a record and you and your friends can hear it as often as you like. You can also record orchestras or favorite radio programs right off the air and replay them whenever you wish.



Everything is included. Nothing else to buy and nothing else to pay. You get complete HOME RECORDING UNIT, which includes special recording needle, playing needles, 6 two-sided unbreakable records. Also guide record and spiral feeding attachment and combination recording and playback unit suitable for recording a skit, voice, instrument or radio broadcast. ADDITIONAL 2-SIDED BLANK RECORDS COST ONLY \$1.75 per dozen. (24 sides)

OPERATES ON ANY A.C. OR D.C.
ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPHS
RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONO COMBINATIONS
Old or New Type
PHONOGRAPHS and PORTABLES

SEND NO MONEY! HURRY COUPON!
START RECORDING AT ONCE!

COMPLETE OUTFIT \$2.98
INCLUDING SIX TWO-SIDED
BLANK RECORDS ONLY

HOME RECORDING CO.

Studio FM

11 WEST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

IT'S LOTS OF FUN TOO! HAVING RECORDING PARTIES!

You'll get a real thrill out of HOME RECORDING. Surprise your friends by letting them hear your voice or playing right from a record. Record a snappy talking feature. Record jokes and become the life of the party. Great to help train your voice and to cultivate speech. Nothing to practice . . . you start recording at once . . . no other mechanical or electrical devices needed . . . everything necessary included. Nothing else to buy. Just sing, speak or play and HOME RECORDING unit, which operates on any electric or old type phonograph, will do the recording on special blank records we furnish. You can immediately play the records back as often as you wish. Make your home movie a talking picture with HOME RECORDING. Simply make the record while filming and play back while showing the picture.



Charlie Barnet with his arranger, Bill May, after about new arrangements for Home Recordo.

HOME RECORDING CO.
STUDIO FM, 11 WEST 17 ST.
New York, N. Y.

Send entire HOME RECORDING OUTFIT (including 6 two-sided records) described above, by return mail. I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage, on arrival. (Send cash or money order now for \$2.00 and save postage.)

Send additional blank records at \$1.75 per dozen. (24 sides)

Name

Address

City and State

Note: Canadian and Foreign \$2.00 cash with order.

SILVER STREAK

THE
FINGER
OF DEATH
POINTS AT
SILVER
STREAK!
BUT WHEN
IT STRIKES—
???



Dear Friends

THERE ARE SOME THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT SILVER STREAK—THE REAL SILVER STREAK AS I KNOW HIM AND DRAW HIM.

DO NOT THINK OF HIM ONLY AS A MOST UNUSUAL MAN, A MAN ENDOWED WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING—THINK TOO OF HIS GREAT CHARACTER—THE MOTIVE BEHIND HIS AMAZING ACTIONS. COULD SILVER STREAK EVER BE REAL? TO ME, SILVER STREAK IS REAL, YES, AS REAL AS THE IDEALS YOU AND I DREAM OF.

HIS PURPOSE IN LIFE IS TO HELP OTHERS—TO HELP THOSE IN NEED. SILVER STREAK DOES HIS BEST TO MAKE THIS WORLD AN IDEAL PLACE TO LIVE IN—A WORLD IN WHICH YOU AND I WILL HAVE THE THINGS WE MOST DESIRE.

AND HE IS OUT TO GET THOSE FORCES THAT STAND IN THE WAY OF HIS IDEALS. HE FIGHTS HARD!!—HE IS STRONG—BECAUSE HE IS RIGHT—HE IS FAST—BECAUSE HE NEEDS SPEED TO CONQUER HIS ENEMIES.

SILVER STREAK IS MY HERO, AND I HOPE HE IS YOUR HERO TOO, FOR HE DOES THE THINGS THAT YOU AND I WOULD DO IF WE HAD HIS POWERS!

*Ralph Johns
Creator*



ON A SECRET TEMPLE SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA A STRANGE CULT OF SILVER-WORSHIPERS MEET

BROTHERS, THE TIME FOR ACTION HAS COME! NO LONGER WILL OUR SACRED METAL OF THE GODS BE USED BY THIS PAGAN LAND AS A MEDIUM OF COMMON BARTER! WE WILL SEIZE ALL THE SILVER IN AMERICA AND FORCE THE GOVERNMENT TO USE ANOTHER METAL AS THE STANDARD OF MONEY!!

HEAR!

HEAR!



NO IDLE BOAST IS THIS. IN LESS THAN A WEEK THE COUNTRY IS OUTRAGED BY A SERIES OF HUGE EXPLOSIONS AND FIRES!!!



IN EACH CASE THE FIRES OCCUR ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A TOWN. ENTIRE FIRE AND POLICE FORCES ARE NEEDED TO FIGHT THE BURNING STRUCTURES AND MOST OF THE POPULACE IS ATTRACTED TO THE SCENE!!!



THEN, WHILE ALL EYES ARE ON THE FIRES, BANKS ARE ROBBED—SHOPS LOOTED—EVERY THING OF SILVER IS STOLEN!!



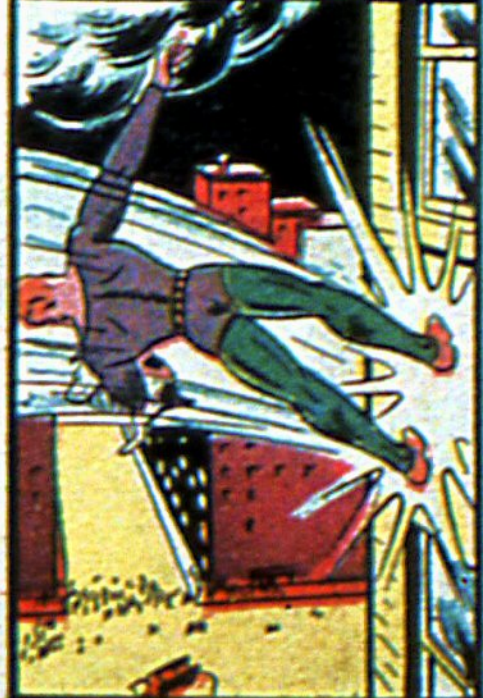
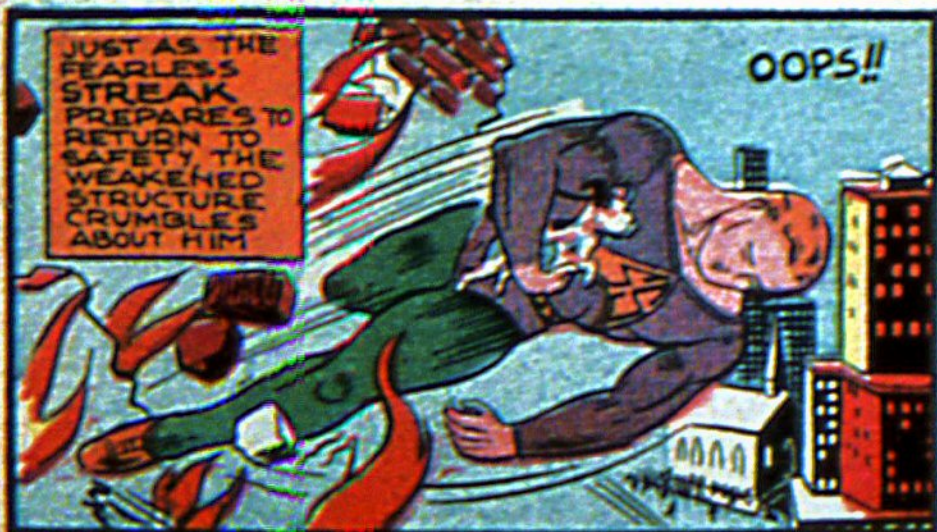
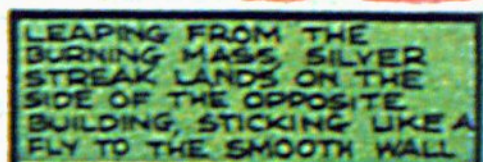
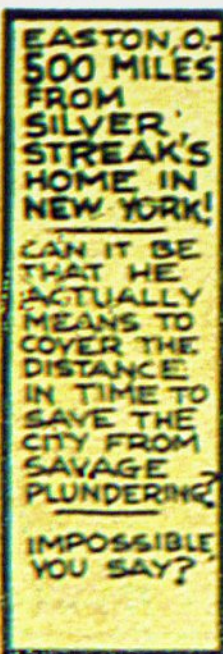
POLICE ARE BAFLED

BLAME!—HERE'S A FIVE ALARM FIRE THAT TAKES ALL OUR MEN TO GET THINGS UNDER CONTROL.—AN' WHAT HAPPENS WHEN OUR BACKS IS TURNED??—SOMEBODY WALKS AWAY WITH TH' REST O' TH' TOWN!!

IT'S UNCANNY! EVERY BANK IN THE CITY WAS ROBBED. BUT THEY ONLY STOLE THE SILVER CURRENCY!!



AND SO IT GOES, WEEK AFTER WEEK



EVEN KEEN EYES FIND IT DIFFICULT TO FOLLOW SILVER STREAK'S ACTIONS AS HE LEAVES THE DOG AND RACES TOWARDS BIGGER GAME



SOON, SILVER STREAK LOCATES THE BANDIT CAR! -HE LEAPS

I'LL GIVE YOU JUST TEN SECONDS TO STOP THIS CAR!!

IT'S THE STREAK!



WITHOUT WARNING THE BANDIT CAR CUTS A CORNER, SCRAPING SILVER STREAK OFF AGAINST A BRICK WALL

SO LONG STREAK!!



UNINJURED BUT SHAKEN, THE STREAK GATHERS HIS WITS

S.S. YOU'RE A PUNCH-DRUNK GOON FOR GETTING DUMPED LIKE THAT!



PICKING UP THE TRAIL HE ARRIVES AT THE CITY DOCKS JUST IN TIME TO SEE A BOAT SPEEDING OUT TO A WAITING AMPHIBIAN PLANE



SILVER STREAK'S SPEED IS SO RAPID THAT HE RUNS RIGHT OUT ON THE WATER WITHOUT SINKING

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY



LEADING HEADLONG SILVERSTREAK SKIPS OVER THE LAKE LIKE A STONE!!

NO YOU DONT!!



BUT THE PLANE ESCAPES - SILVER STREAK DIVES TO THE LAKE BOTTOM AND LEAPS UPWARD FLYING HIGH OUT OF THE WATER IN AN EFFORT TO REACH THE PLANE BUT HE FAILS AND RETURNS TO THE FLOUNDERING PRISONER!

RETURNING TO SHORE, THE STREAK QUESTIONS HIS CATCH

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME - I REFUSE TO TALK

A MAN SWORN INTO RELIGIOUS SECRECY WOULD RATHER DIE THAN BETRAY HIS CAUSE BE IT RIGHT OR WRONG - USING DIFFERENT TACTICS SILVER STREAK WHIRLS HIS VICTIM ROUND AND ROUND - CENTRIFUGAL FORCE DRAWS THE BLOOD FROM THE VICTIM'S HEAD

AT LEAST I'VE GOT YOU!

WE'LL SEE!!

THE HELPLESS MAN SLIPS INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS AND BEGINS TO MUMBLE IN LOW, GUTTERAL TONES

NEXT...ON... MAP... STATE... HOSPITAL

NEXT ON MAP STATE HOSPITALS HMMMMMM! GOT A HUNCH - JUST A HUNCH!

SILVER STREAK TURNS THE MAN OVER TO THE POLICE - THIS DONE, HE PURCHASES A MAP AND MARKS ALL CITIES PREVIOUSLY VISITED BY THE MYSTERIOUS MOB

NOW TO DRAW A LINE FROM THE FIRST VICTIMIZED CITY TO THE SECOND, THIRD, FOURTH AND SO ON

MAP OF U.S.A.

THE DRAWN LINE REVEALS A STARTLING BIT OF INFORMATION

GAR!! THESE OUTRAGES WERE DELIBERATELY EXECUTED IN THIS ORDER TO SPELL THE WORD "DOOM"

NOW, IF I FILL THE WORD OUT, IT OUGHT TO INDICATE WHERE THE NEXT RAID IS DUE

FINISHING THE INCOMPLETE WORD SILVER STREAK LOCATES THE NEXT "DOOMED" CITY ON THE MAP

CLAYTON OHIO!!-AND THIS MOB RAIDS THREE CITIES EACH NIGHT IT STRIKES!-THAT MEANS CLAYTON'S STATE HOSPITAL WILL BE BOMBED IN A FEW MINUTES OR WILL IT?

TO DESCRIBE SILVER STREAK'S TOP SPEED WOULD ONLY SERVE TO RETARD IT.-ONE SECOND HE IS IN EASTON- THE NEXT, IN CLAYTON

AHAA!! JUST IN TIME!

WHAT THE STREAK SEES IS AN INCENDIARY BOMB BEING THROWN FROM A CAR DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF STATE HOSPITAL

THE STAGE IS SET!- LET'S GET GOING!!

STATE HOSPITAL CLAYTON

WITH A BRAIN THAT WORKS FASTER THAN HIS BODY, SILVER STREAK DECIDES- THEN SPRINGS FOR THE EXPLOSIVE MISSILE

I OUGHTA PEG THIS BACK AT YOU BUT THERE ARE OTHERS TO BE CONSIDERED!

STATE HOSPITAL CLAYTON

HE CASTS IT SO FAR INTO SPACE THAT THE EXPLOSION IS NOT EVEN HEARD BY THE HOSPITAL'S SICK PATIENTS!

BOOM!

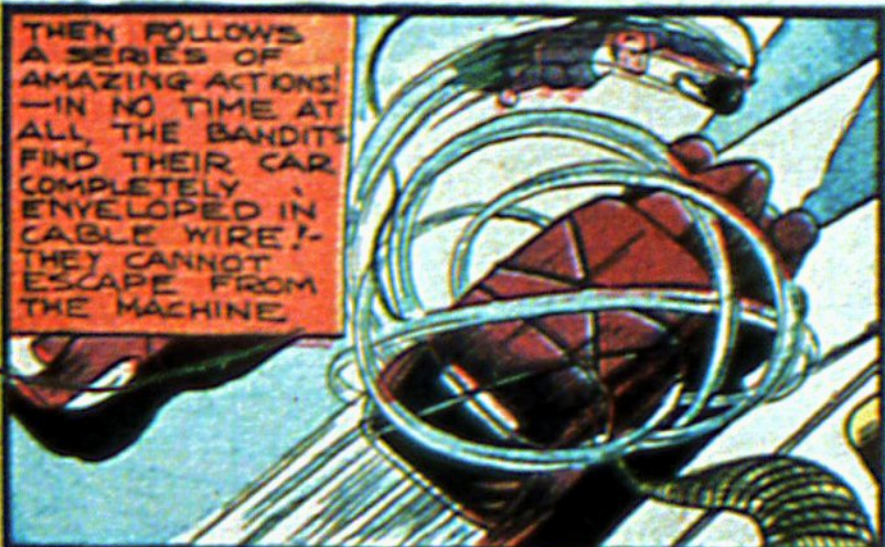
AHEAD OF THE FLEEING BANDIT CAR IS A BUILDING YET IN THE CONSTRUCTION STAGE. — STRAIGHT AS A DIE, THE MAN WHO FIGHTS CRIME WITHOUT WEAPONS SHOOTS FOR THE TOP FRAMEWORK



RELEASING THE CABLE LOCK ON THE DERRICK, HE DIVES CABLE IN HAND, AT THE SINISTER CAR



THEN FOLLOWS A SERIES OF AMAZING ACTIONS! — IN NO TIME AT ALL, THE BANDIT'S FIND THEIR CAR COMPLETELY ENVELOPED IN CABLE WIRE! — THEY CANNOT ESCAPE FROM THE MACHINE



SUDDENLY THE CABLE REEL REELS OUT TO IT'S END AND JERKS THE SPEEDING CAR FROM THE GROUND



BACK AT THE DERRICK CONTROLS SILVER STREAK REELS IN —



WITH THE SURPRISED CULT MEMBERS SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR, SILVER STREAK SPEEDS AWAY



INSIDE THE SUSPENDED CAR

QUICK-RADIO A MESSAGE TO THE PLANE- THEY MUST ESCAPE!!



BUT TOO LATE! - SILVER STREAK SPIES THE MODERN AIR-PIRATE SHIP RETREATING IN THE HEAVENS!



THERE SHE GOES!!

LEG MUSCLES TAUT, THE HUMAN LIGHTNING BOLT WHIZZES TOWARD THE METAL PLANE AND LANDS FEET-FIRST, STICKING TO THE UNDER-FUSILAGE



LET'S GO!!

AFTER SOME TIME, THE CRAFT RELEASES SOME BUNDLES AND CONTINUES ON ITS WAY TOWARD CITY NUMBER THREE

THE SILVER!! THE HIDEOUT MUST BE BELOW!!



SILVER STREAK WANTS TO INVESTIGATE BELOW, BUT HE DOESN'T WANT TO LOSE THE PLANE, SO

I'LL MAKE THIS BUGGY TAKE ME DOWN



HE REACHES OUT, STOPPING FIRST ONE PROPELLER, AND THEN THE OTHER. THE BANDIT FLIERS, UNAWARE OF SILVER STREAK'S PRESENCE, THINK THEY HAVE DEVELOPED MOTOR TROUBLE

JUST IN CASE YOU TRY TO START UP AGAIN



SILVER STREAK POSITIONS HIMSELF AT THE PLANE'S TAIL AND STEERS IT TO LAND



WITH PERFECT NAVIGATION, HE BRINGS THE SHIP LIGHTLY TO GROUND, MUCH TO THE BEWILDERMENT OF IT'S OCCUPANTS



HOPE WE LAND UNSEEN

AS THE MEN EMERGE FROM THE PLANE, SILVER STREAK SPRINGS TO THE ATTACK.



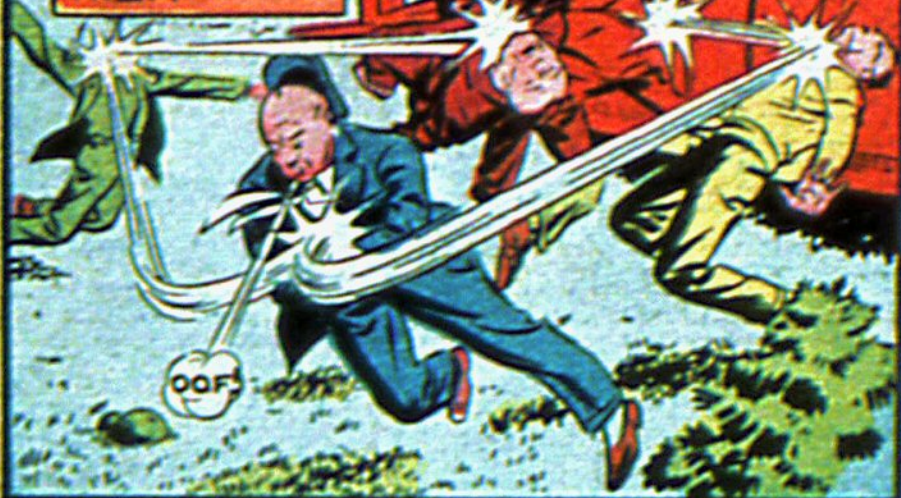
WITH THE LAST MAN OUT, SILVER STREAK WHIZZES TOWARD A DISTANT LIGHT.



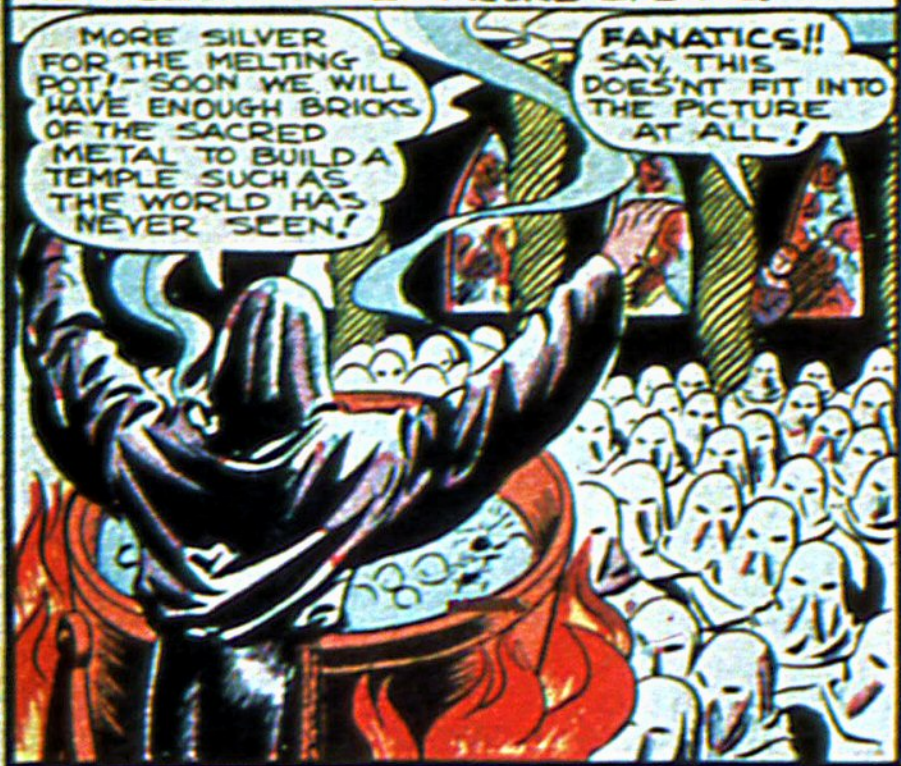
SILVER STREAK LEANS HARD AGAINST THE TIME-WORN PILLAR.—A LARGE CHUNK OF OVERHEAD FRIEZE SUDDENLY BREAKS LOOSE AND FALLS, KNOCKING HIM OUT.



HE SMASHES SO RAPIDLY FROM ONE THUG TO THE NEXT, THAT HE IS COMPLETELY INVISIBLE TO THEM.



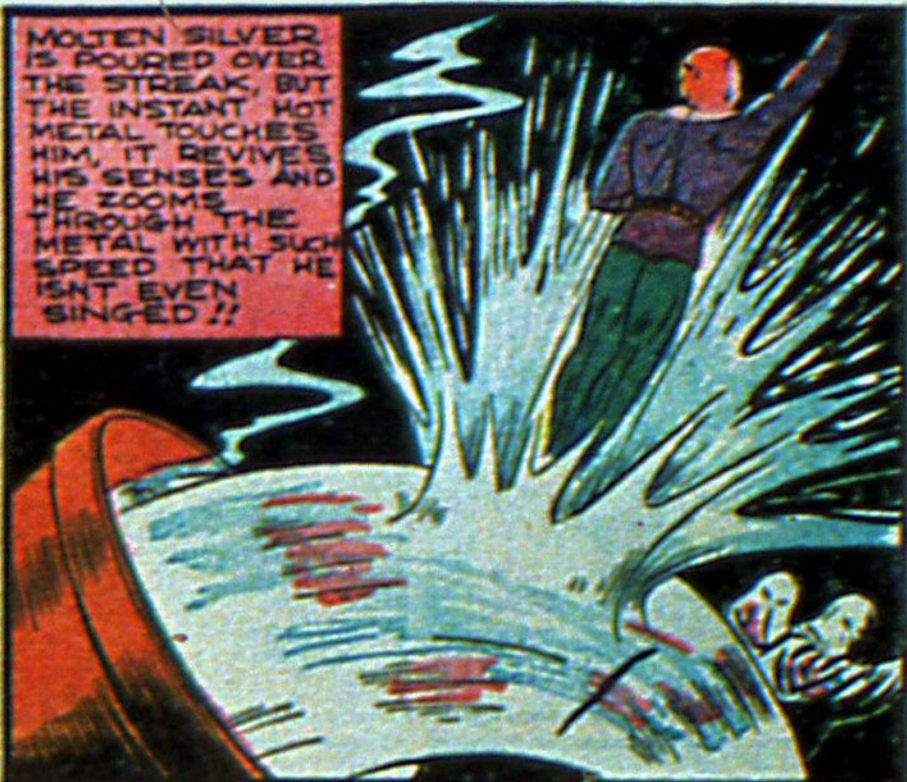
INSTEAD OF A RAMSHACKLE HIDEOUT, SILVER STREAK FINDS HIMSELF ENTERING A BEAUTIFUL OLD TEMPLE.—A HOODED FIGURE SPEAKS:—



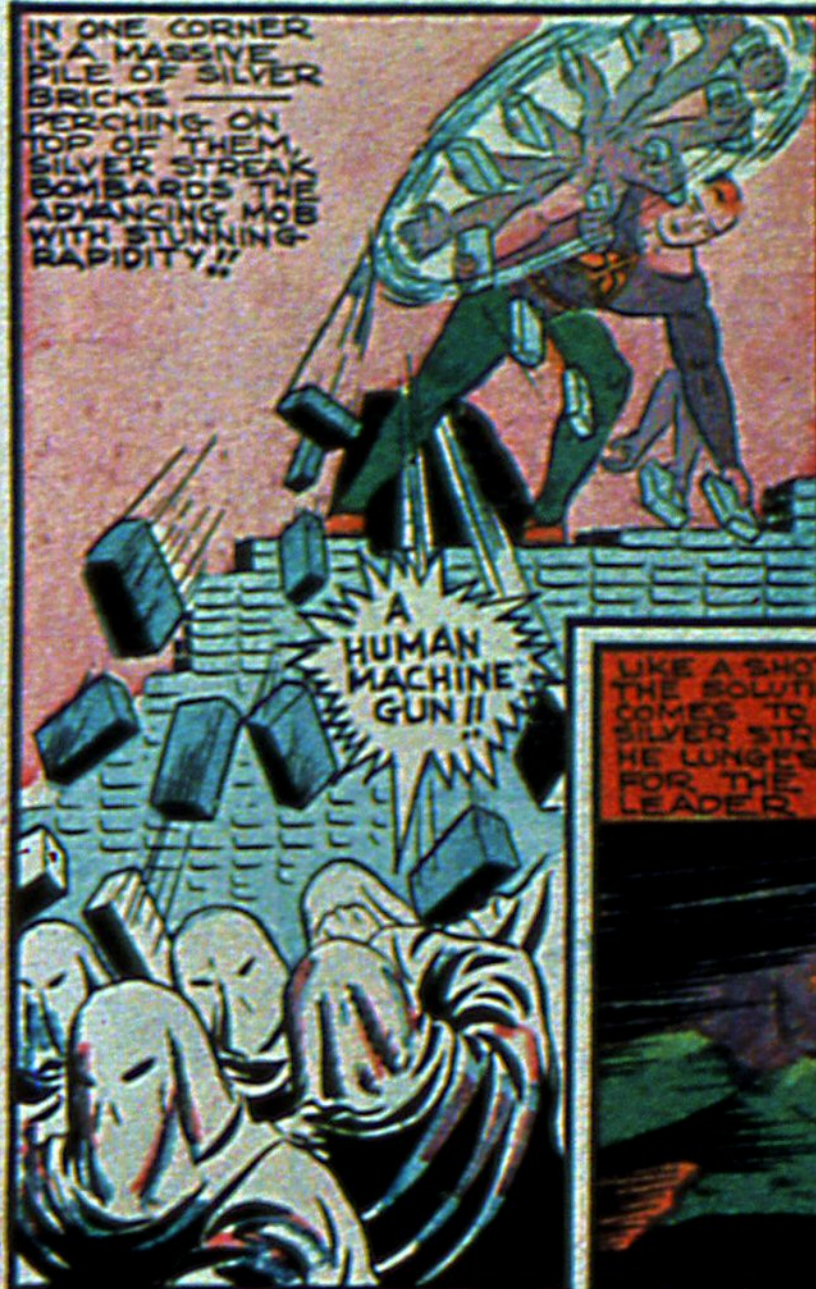


HOODED MEN DROP THE UNCONSCIOUS STREAK INTO A PIT UNDER THE VAT OF WHITE-HOT SILVER.

WHAT IS MORE FITTING FOR SILVER STREAK THAN A TOMB OF SILVER??



MOLTEN SILVER IS POURED OVER THE STREAK, BUT THE INSTANT HOT METAL TOUCHES HIM, IT REVIVES HIS SENSES AND HE ZOOMS THROUGH THE METAL WITH SUCH SPEED THAT HE ISN'T EVEN SINGED!!



IN ONE CORNER IS A MASSIVE PILE OF SILVER BRICKS — PERCHING ON TOP OF THEM, SILVER STREAK BOMBARDS THE ADVANCING MOB WITH STUNNING RAPIDITY!!

A HUMAN MACHINE GUN!!



THE STREAK NOTICES SOME OF THE SILVER BRICKS SHATTER AGAINST THE WALL.

WHY, THESE ARE JUST ORDINARY STONE BRICKS COVERED WITH SILVER! SOMEONE'S BEEN TAKING THESE POOR DEVILS FOR A RIDE!!!



LIKE A SHOT, THE SOLUTION COMES TO SILVER STREAK! HE LUNGES FOR THE LEADER.

LET'S SEE YOUR FACE!!

NO!

JUST AS I THOUGHT - IT'S GREGORY RANDIL, OWNER OF "RANDIL SILVER CO."!! - MEN, YOU'VE BEEN DUPED!! THIS CHEAT HAS BEEN REPLACING YOUR BRICKS WITH DUMMIES!! HE USES THEM TO MANUFACTURE HIS SILVERWARE AT PRACTICALLY NO COST!! - HE HAS SET YOU ON AN INSANE MISSION SOLELY TO BETTER HIS OWN FINANCIAL STANDING!

NO, DON'T BELIEVE HIM!!

IN A FIT OF RAGE, THE MOB TURNS ON ITS LEADER

TRAITOR!

KILL HIM!!

LYNCH HIM!!

WAIT!! - PROTECT ME FROM THEM!! MY WHOLE FORTUNE IS YOURS IF YOU'LL GET ME OUT ALIVE!!!

KEEP THE CHANGE - I'LL SAVE YOU FOR THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!!

ONE-TWO-THREE SECONDS AND SILVER STREAK IS IN THE POLICE STATION OF A NEARBY TOWN

GRAB A SQUAD CAR AND RUN OUT TO BERGER'S WOODS! IT'LL BE WORTH YOUR WHILE!! -

WHO SAID THAT?

HUH?

FOUR-FIVE-SIX SECONDS AND HE IS BACK AT THE TEMPLE - EVEN BEFORE THE MOB CAN REACH GREGORY RANDIL

THIS PLACE NEEDS MOPPING-UP A BIT!

AH, THERE YOU ARE!! - HERE'S THE REMAINS OF THE "SILVER" BANDITS THAT HAVE BEEN GETTING IN YOUR HAIR SO MUCH OF LATE!

BUT IS THIS THE END OF THE STRANGE CULT?? IF ANY OF THE MEMBERS ARE STILL FREE, YOU CAN BE SURE THEY WILL SEEK REVENGE IN NEXT MONTH'S

SILVER STREAK! COMICS!

SILVER STREAK SPEAKING

BOYS AND GIRLS, YOU'VE JUST SEEN HOW EASY IT IS FOR SOME FOLKS TO BE MISLED. DON'T EVER LET ANYONE TALK YOU INTO DOING SOMETHING THAT YOU WILL BE SORRY FOR LATER - A MINUTE OF LOGICAL THINKING MAY SPARE YOU YEARS OF REGRET!

BY THE TIME THE POLICE ARRIVE, THE SITUATION IS WELL IN HAND



STRANGE

Science!

FACTS



The
DISCOVERY OF SYNTHETIC COAL-TAR
DYE WAS AN **ACCIDENT!**

IT OCCURED IN A CHEMICAL
EXPERIMENT TO SYNTHESIZE
QUININE!



CASTOR PLANT
IS USED IN THE
MANUFACTURE OF
MEDICINE-PAINT-
FLYPAPER-SOAP-
LUBRICANTS
LINDLEUM-PRINTING
AND CASTOR OIL!



**HUMAN
HAR-**
IS THE BASIS
OF A NUMBER
OF FINE
CHEMICALS,
WORTH
\$1,000
A POUND!



AN ELEPHANT'S
EARS

COOL HIS BLOOD
AS IT CIRCULATES
THROUGH HIS VEINS!

ELEPHANTS
CANNOT SWEAT
THROUGH THEIR SKINS!



THE HABITS OF THE
WASP
LED TO THE DISCOVERY
OF PAPER!

THEIR NESTS ARE BUILT
FROM WOOD CHEWED
TO A PULP!

BOWLING BALL-

MADE OF RUBBER AND CHEMICAL
PLASTIC IS TRULY ROUND TO
WITHIN 1/2000
OF AN INCH!

**DO YOU
KNOW?**

IT TAKES
TWO TONS OF
PETALS TO MAKE
ONE POUND OF
ATTAR OF
ROSES!



TASTES
TH' SAME!

A
**SEEDLESS
WATERMELON**
HAS BEEN
DEVELOPED AT
MICHIGAN STATE
COLLEGE.

PLANET PATROL



A MOON OF DARKNESS TEEMS WITH GHASTLY MENACE---AS CAPTAIN KEN KEEN OF THE PLANET PATROL, FIGHTS IN THE FACE OF DEATH FOR HONOR AND JUSTICE AMONG PLANET PEOPLE!



A WHOLE COLONY WIPED OUT---WE MUST AVENGE IT!



CAPT. KEEN, WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO ESTABLISH A COLONY ON TITAN, SATURN'S BIGGEST MOON! IT'S REPORTED THAT EVERY SETTLER HAS BEEN KILLED!

THE CHIEF OF THE PLANET PATROL CALLS FOR HIS BEST OPERATIVE.



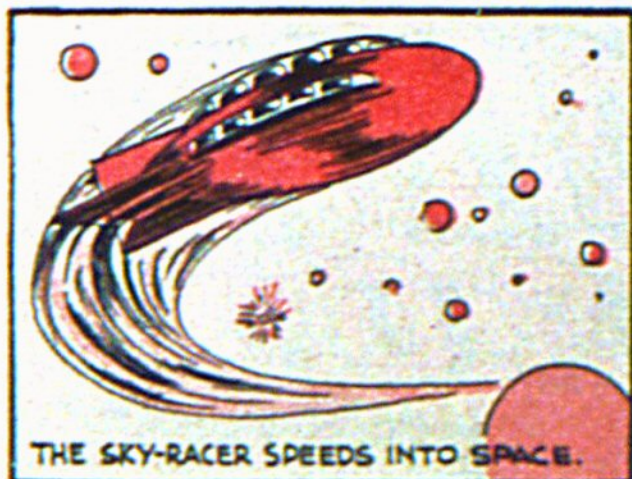
GO AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED! TAKE WHATEVER SHIP AND MEN YOU NEED---



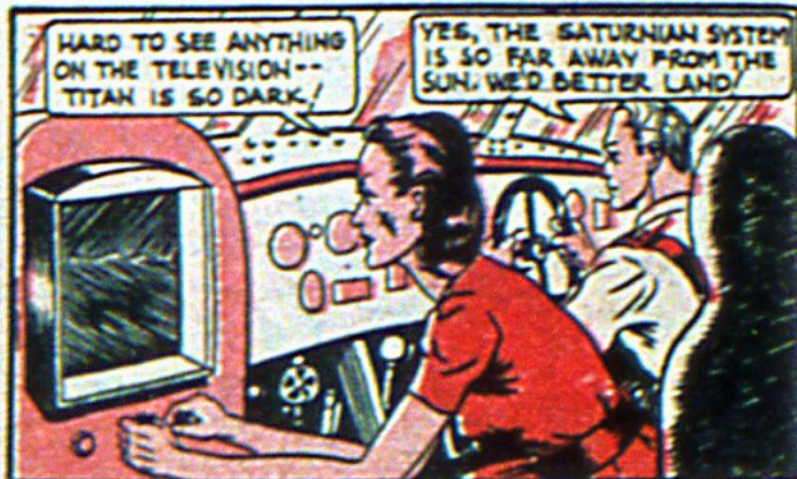
GIVE ME AN ARMORED RACING ROCKET--AND I'LL TAKE NIRMA HERE TO HELP ME!

START IMMEDIATELY!

KEN AND NIRMA ARE READY FOR MORE ADVENTURE AMONG THE STARS!

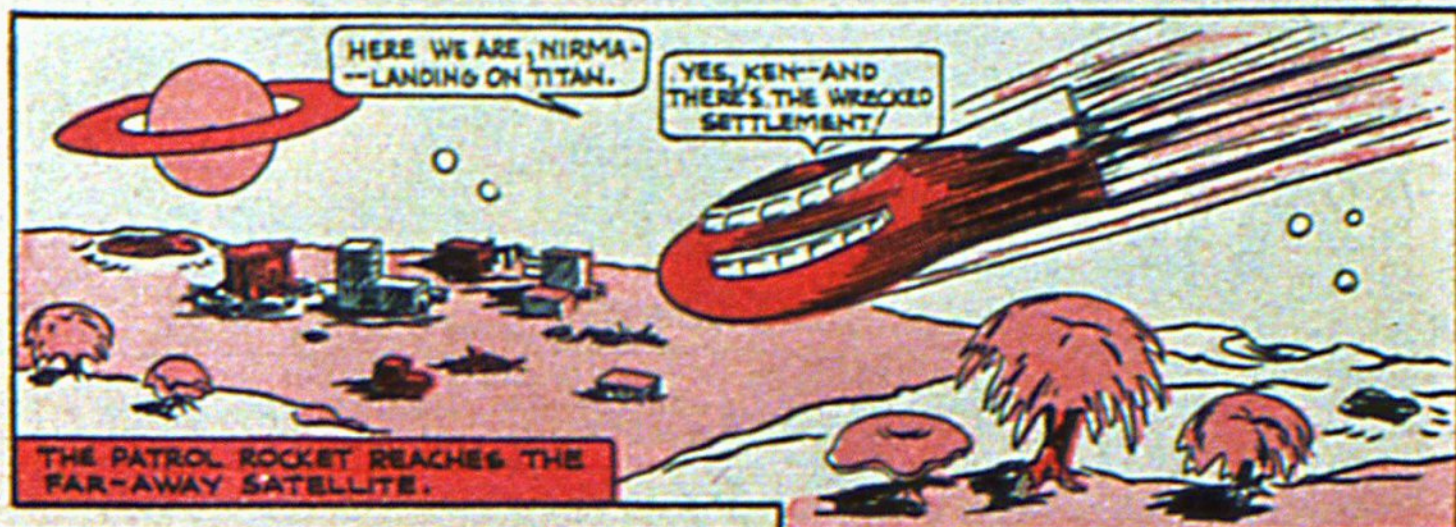


THE SKY-RACER SPEEDS INTO SPACE.



HARD TO SEE ANYTHING
ON THE TELEVISION--
TITAN IS SO DARK!

YES, THE SATURNIAN SYSTEM
IS SO FAR AWAY FROM THE
SUN; WE'D BETTER LAND!



HERE WE ARE, NIRMA--
--LANDING ON TITAN.

YES, KEN--AND
THERE'S THE WRECKED
SETTLEMENT!

THE PATROL ROCKET REACHES THE
FAR-AWAY SATELLITE.



THESE HOUSES LOOK
AS THOUGH THEY'VE
BEEN STRUCK BY SHELLS!

BUT THE EXPLOSION
CAME FROM INSIDE!
THE WRECKAGE ALL
FLEW OUTWARD!

AS THEY PRY INTO THE MYSTERIOUS FATE OF THE COLONY--



OH, KEN! LOOK
AT THAT AWFUL
THING!

--NIRMA TURNS AND LOOKS UPON A
HORRIBLE SIGHT.

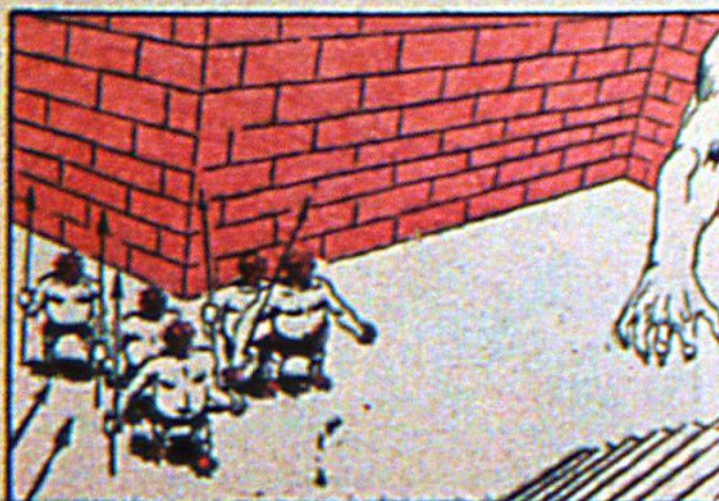
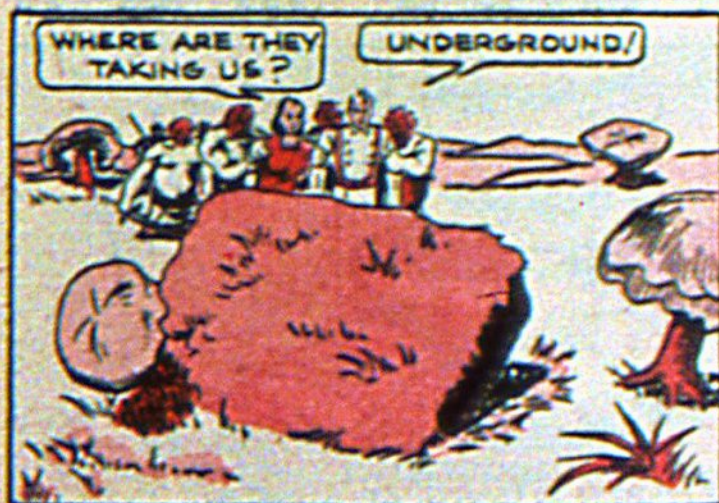


CAREFUL, KEN!
IT'S ATTACKING US!

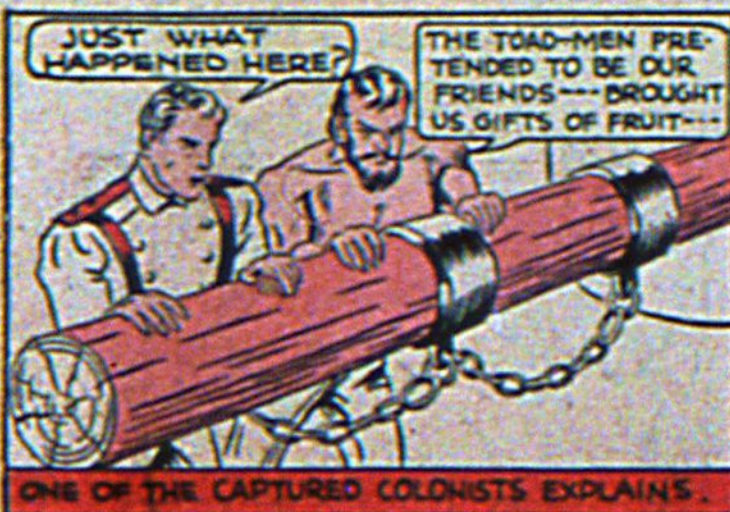
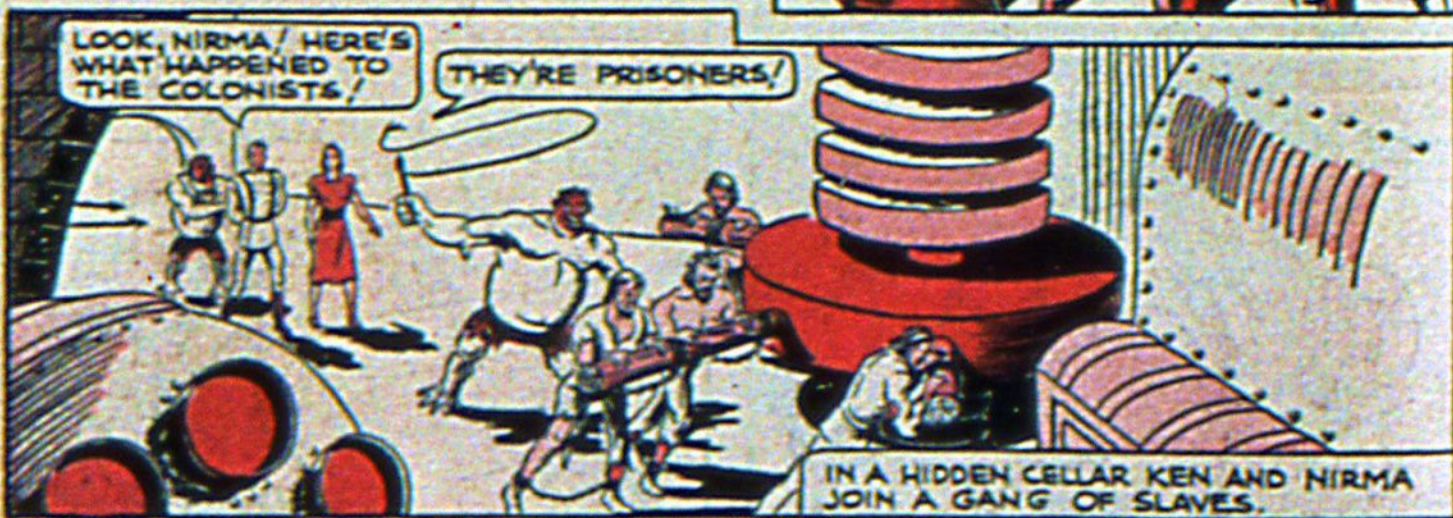
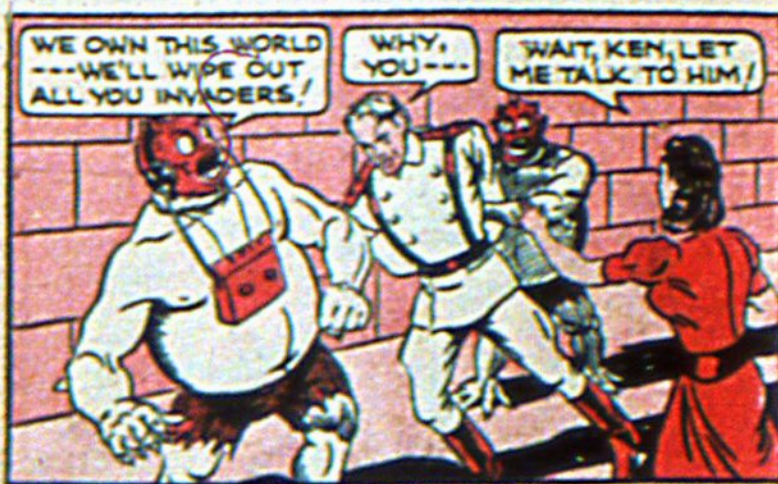
I'LL GIVE IT A
TOUCH OF THIS
HEAT-RAY!



BUT KEN'S RAY-WEAPON HAS NO EFFECT
ON THE TOAD MONSTER!



LOOK, NIRMA! THAT TOAD-MAN SPEAKS OUR LANGUAGE!



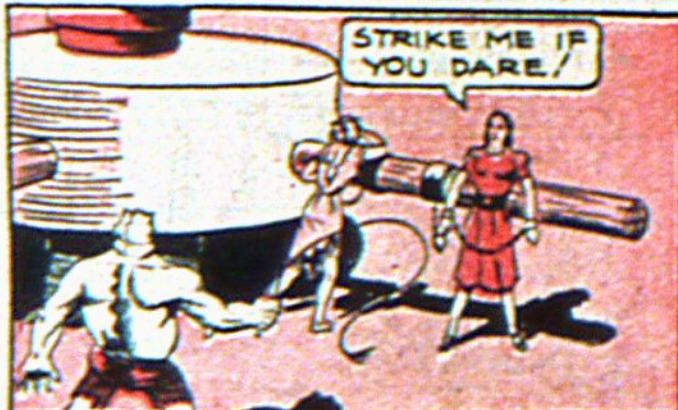
WHO IS THE TOAD-MAN WITH THE HEAD RADIO?

HIS NAME IS GRAA--HE IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN TALK TO US!



IRMA, TOO, LEARNS ABOUT THEIR EVIL CAPTOR!

STRIKE ME IF YOU DARE!



ONE OF THE DRIVER TOAD-MEN THREATENS IRMA!

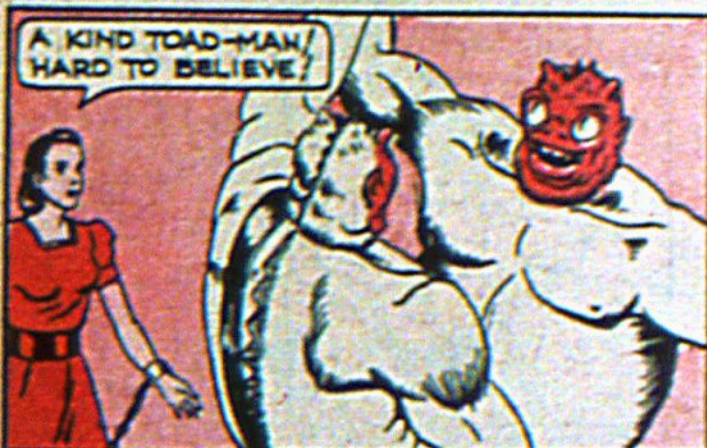
IF I GET LOOSE, I'LL KILL THAT GUY WITH THE WHIP!



KEN! HELP ME!

AT THAT MOMENT ANOTHER OF THE STRANGE CREATURES, APPEARS, DISSUADING KEN--

A KIND TOAD-MAN, HARD TO BELIEVE!



---AND SAVES IRMA FROM A WHIPPING.

THAT KIND TOAD-MAN MAY HELP US!

YES---I THINK I CAN SEE A WAY!



AFTER WORK, KEN AND IRMA CONFER.

WE HAVE IT ALMOST FINISHED!

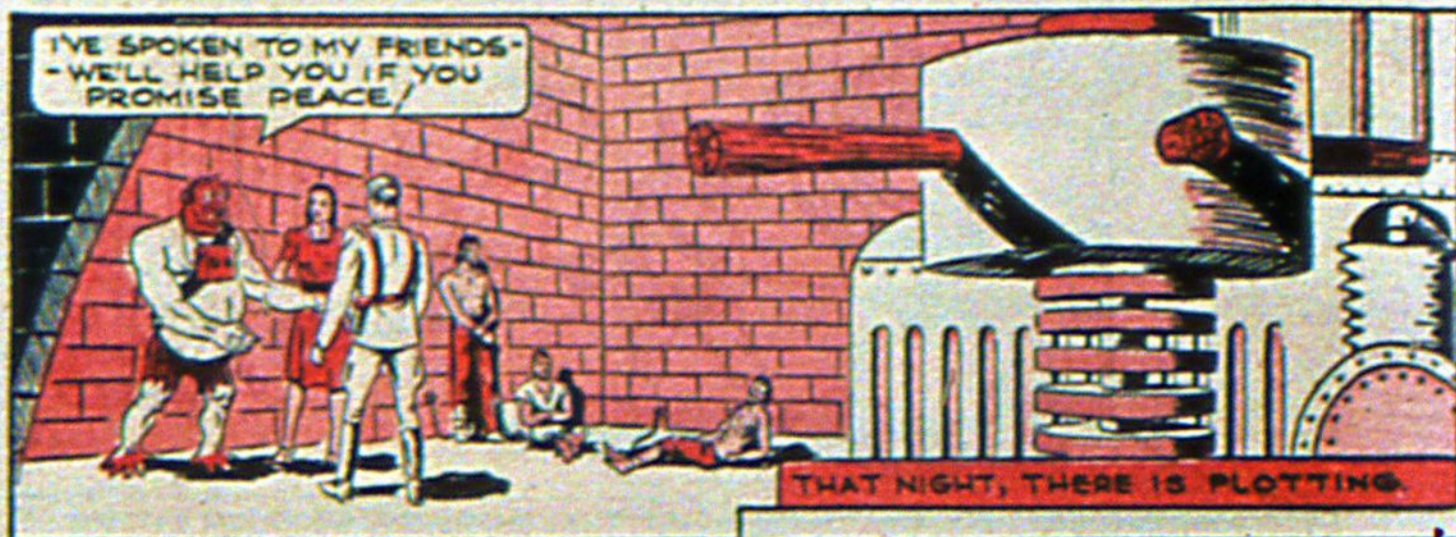
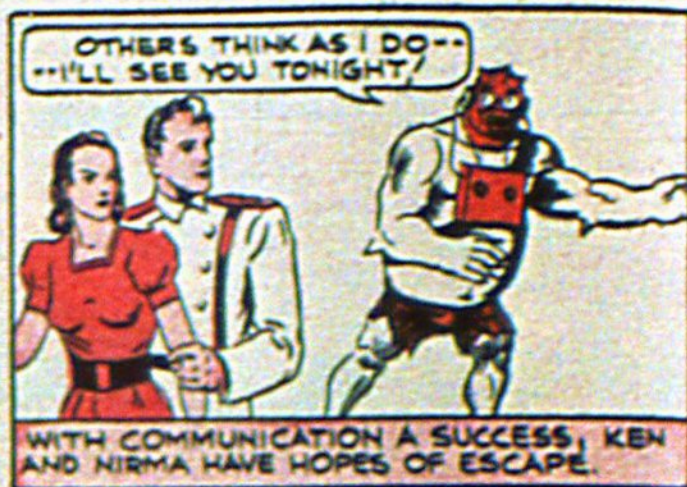


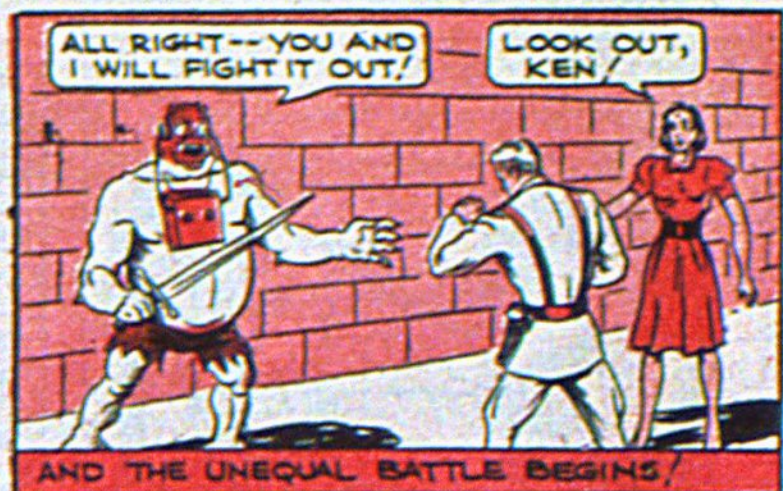
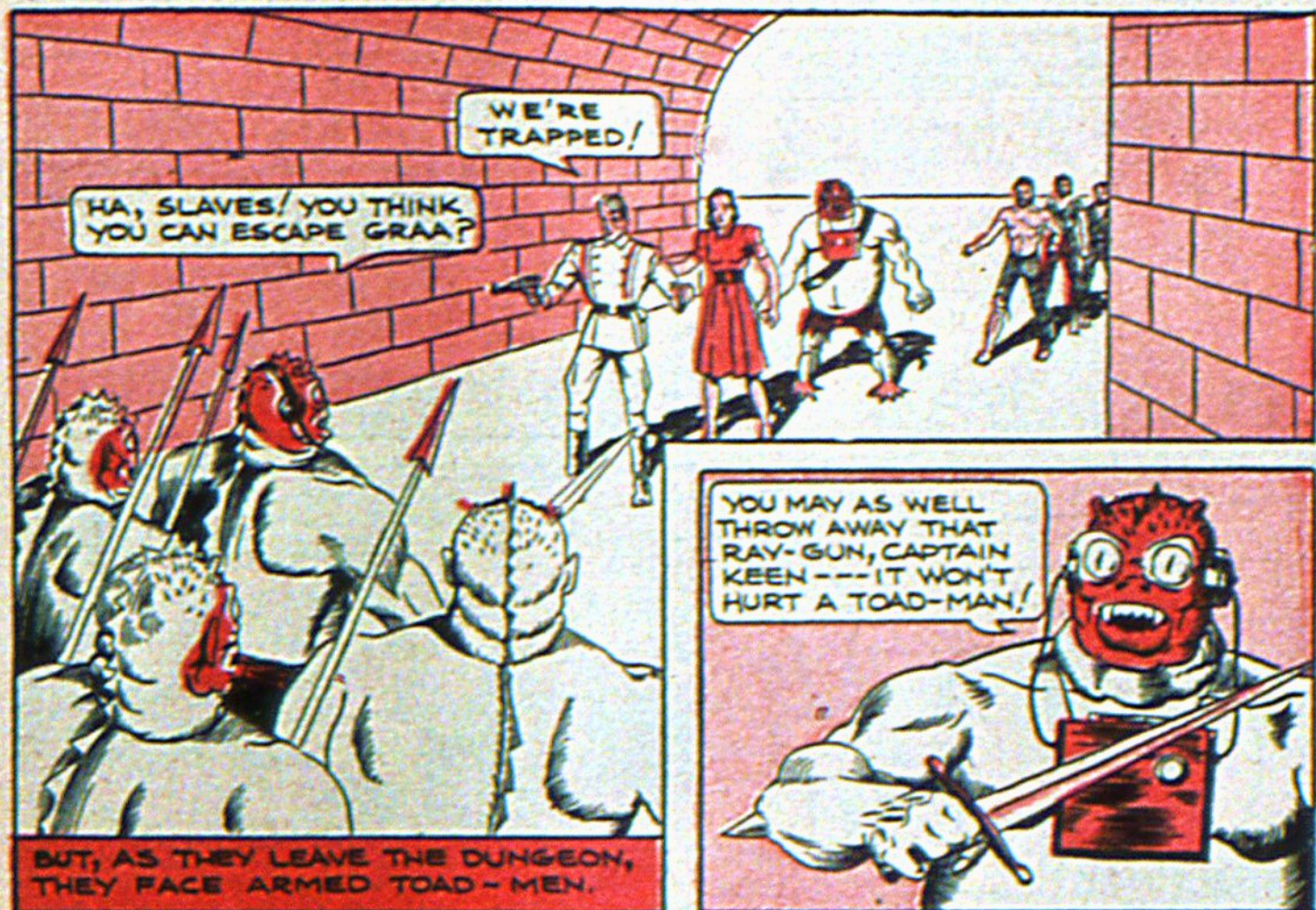
WITH STOLEN PARTS FROM THE TOAD-MEN'S MACHINE SHOP, THEY MAKE A HEAD RADIO---

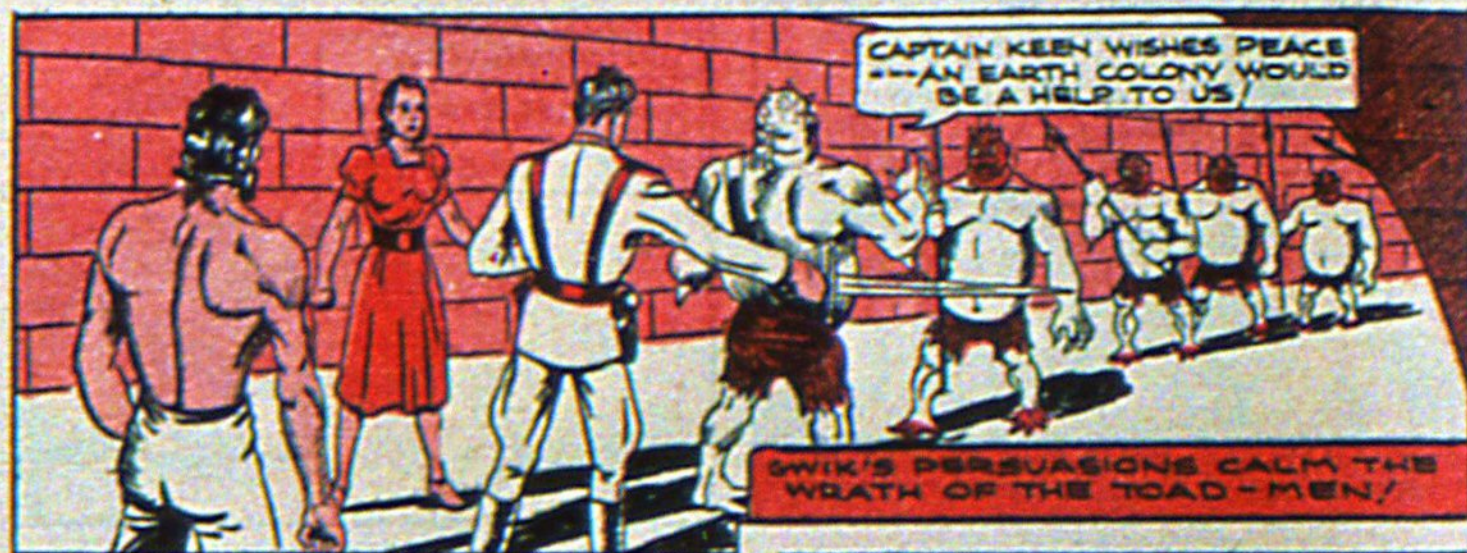
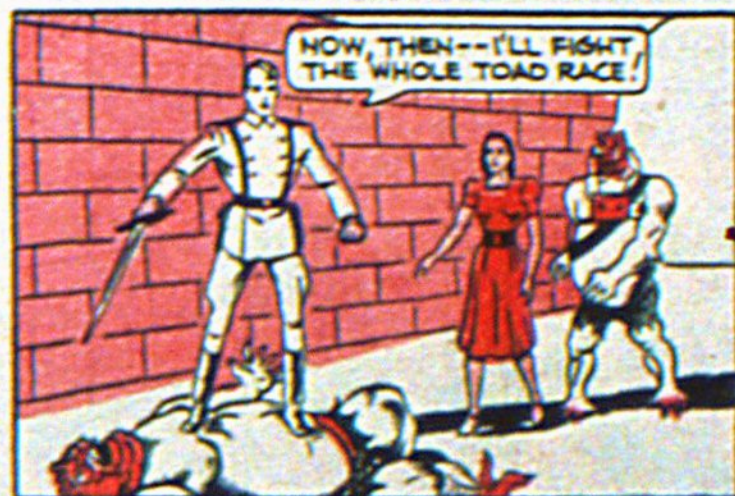
A PRESENT FOR YOU!

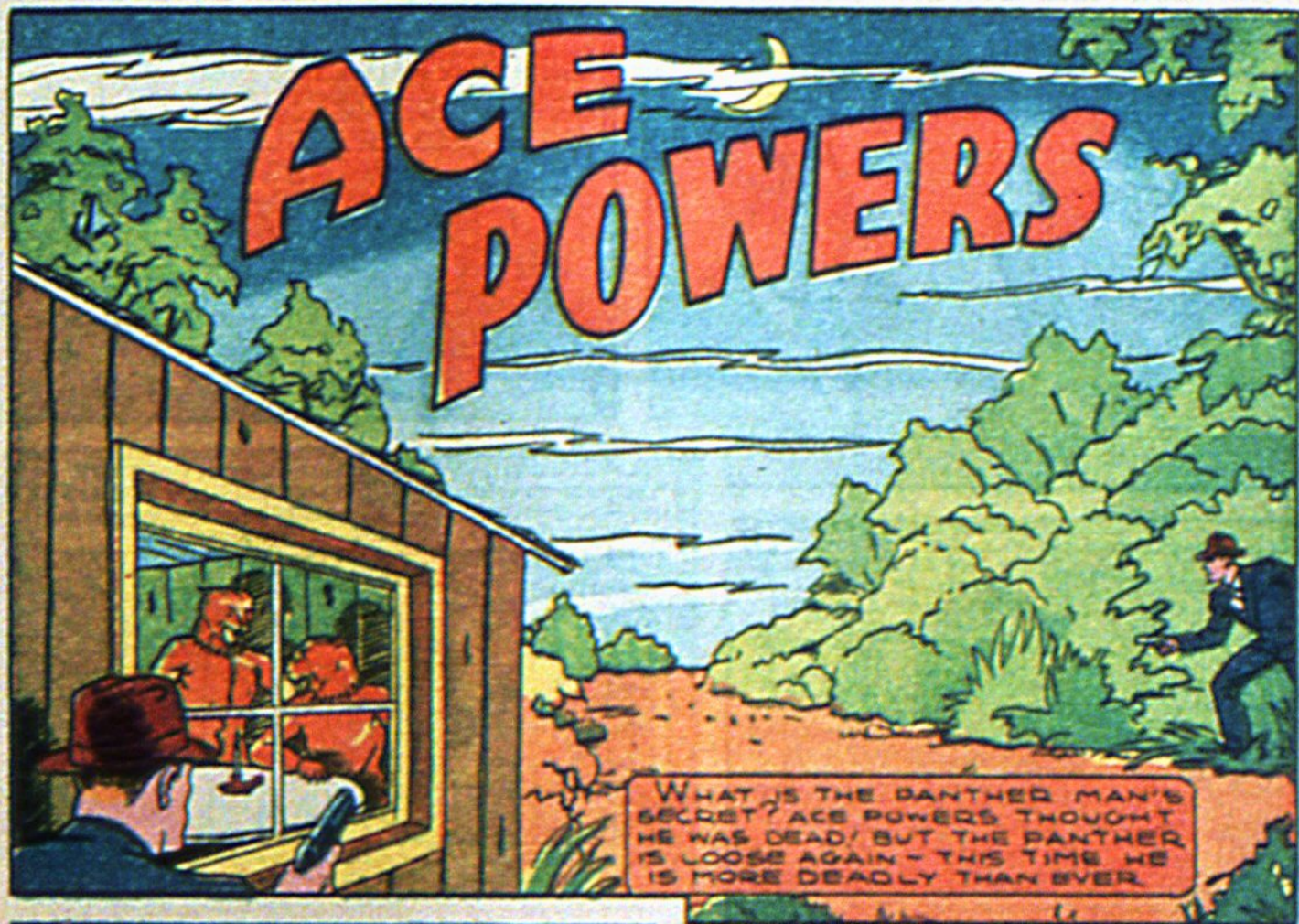


---AND GIVE IT TO THEIR NEW FRIEND NEXT DAY.

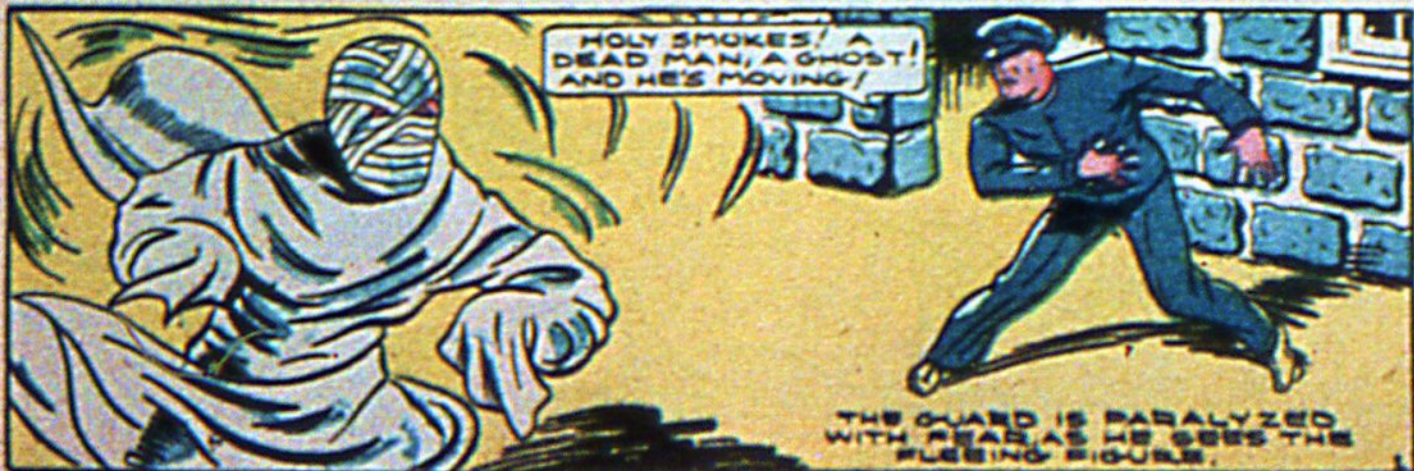


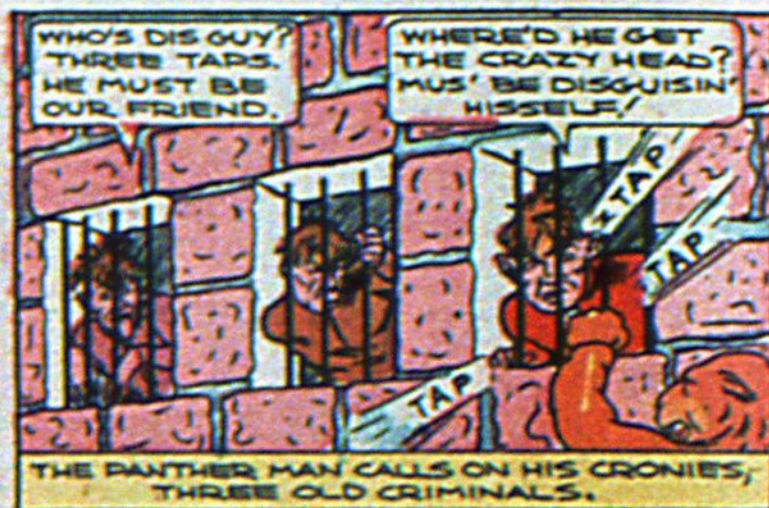






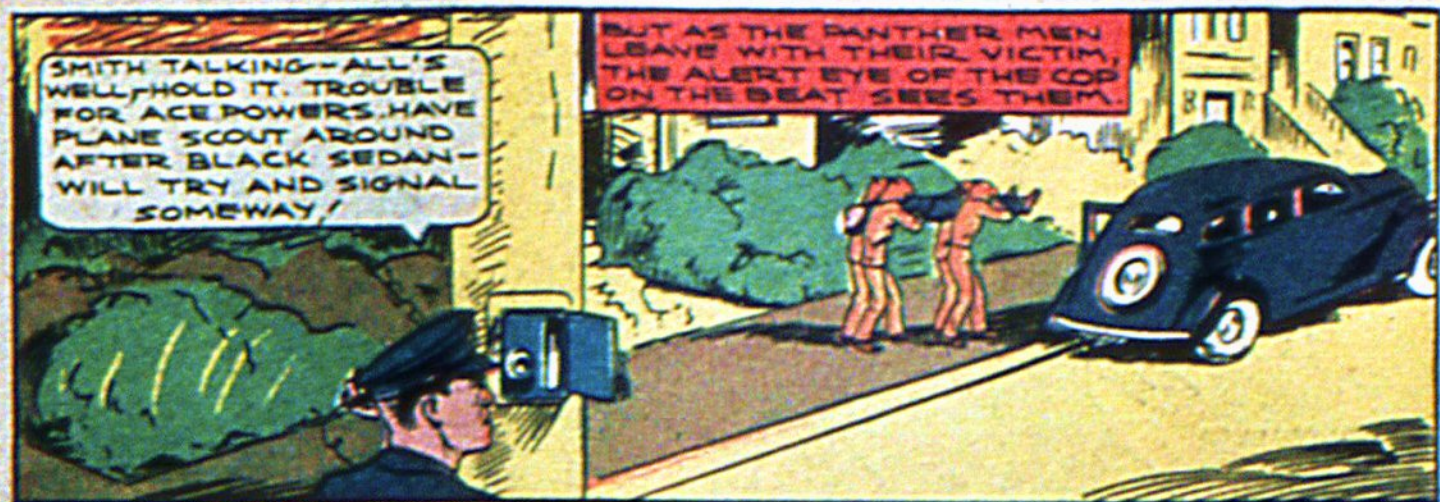
ALL IS QUIET IN THE POLICE MORGUE. THE UNCLAIMED BODIES OF CRIMINALS LIE STILL UNDER DEATH - WHITE BLANKETS.











SMITH TALKING--ALL'S WELL, HOLD IT. TROUBLE FOR ACE POWERS HAVE PLANE SCOUT AROUND AFTER BLACK SEDAN--WILL TRY AND SIGNAL SOMEWAY!

BUT AS THE PANTHER MEN LEAVE WITH THEIR VICTIM, THE ALERT EYE OF THE COP ON THE BEAT SEES THEM.



GET HIM INTO THE CAR, BOYS!

THE PANTHER MEN CARRY THE STUNNED DETECTIVE AWAY.

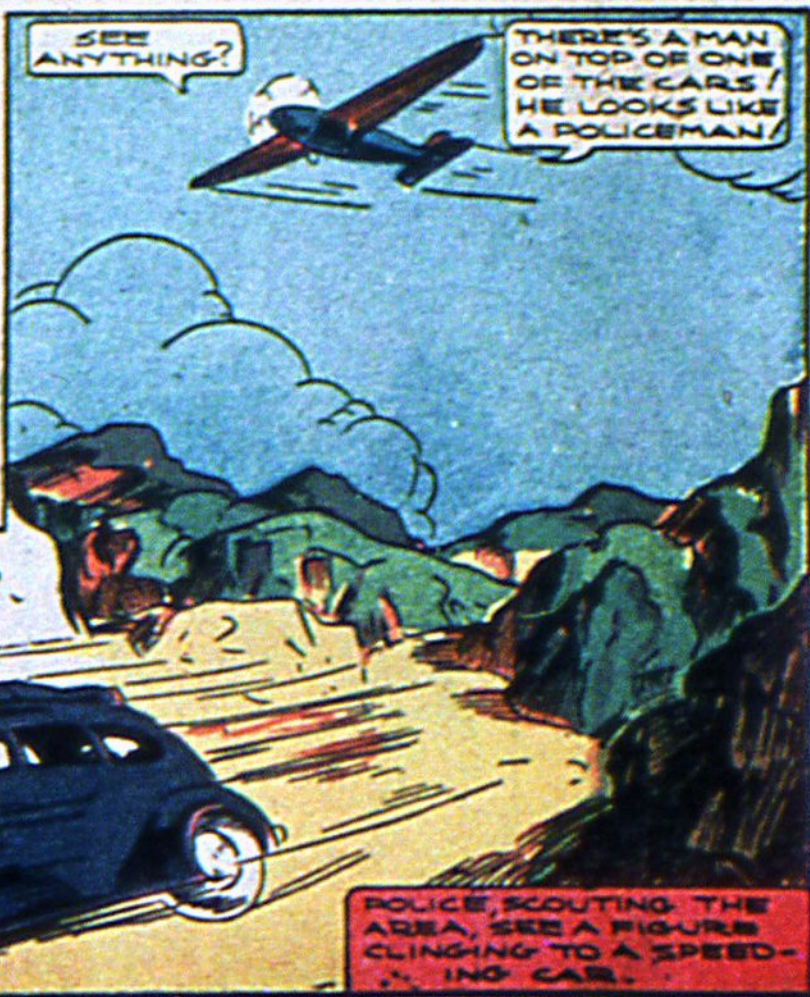


WHAT A BREAK!

IN A FLASH THE POLICEMAN CHARGES AFTER THEM, AND LEAPS TO THE REAR OF THE CAR AS IT SPEEDS OFF.



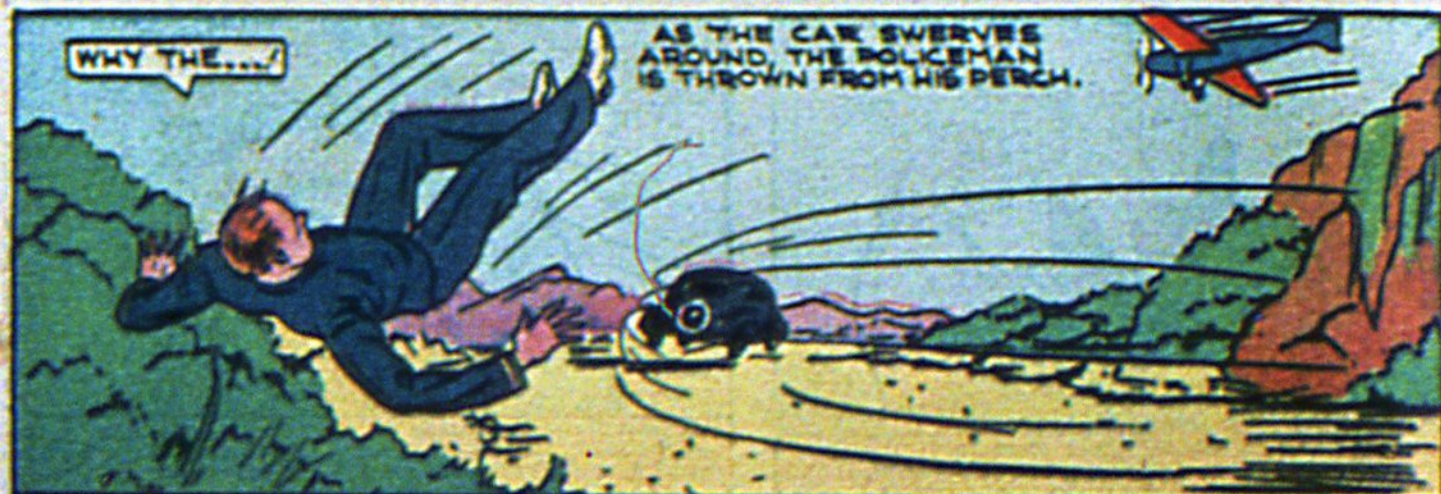
I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE TOP, SO THE POLICE PLANE WILL SEE ME!

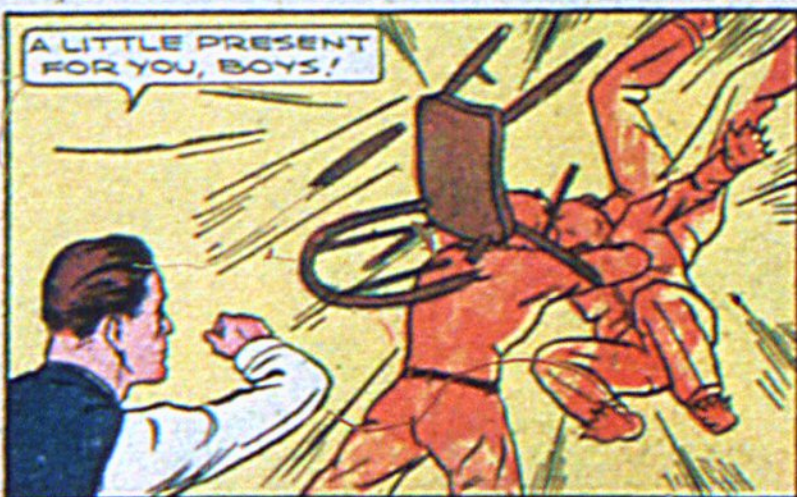


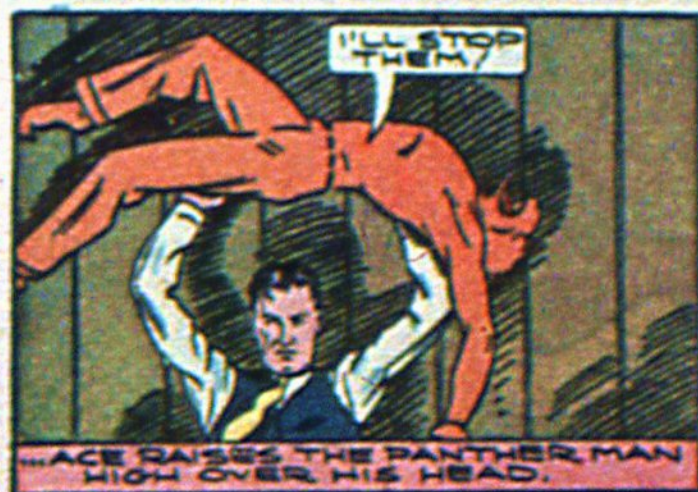
SEE ANYTHING?

THERE'S A MAN ON TOP OF ONE OF THE CARS! HE LOOKS LIKE A POLICEMAN!

POLICE, SCOUTING THE AREA, SEE A FIGURE CLINGING TO A SPEEDING CAR.







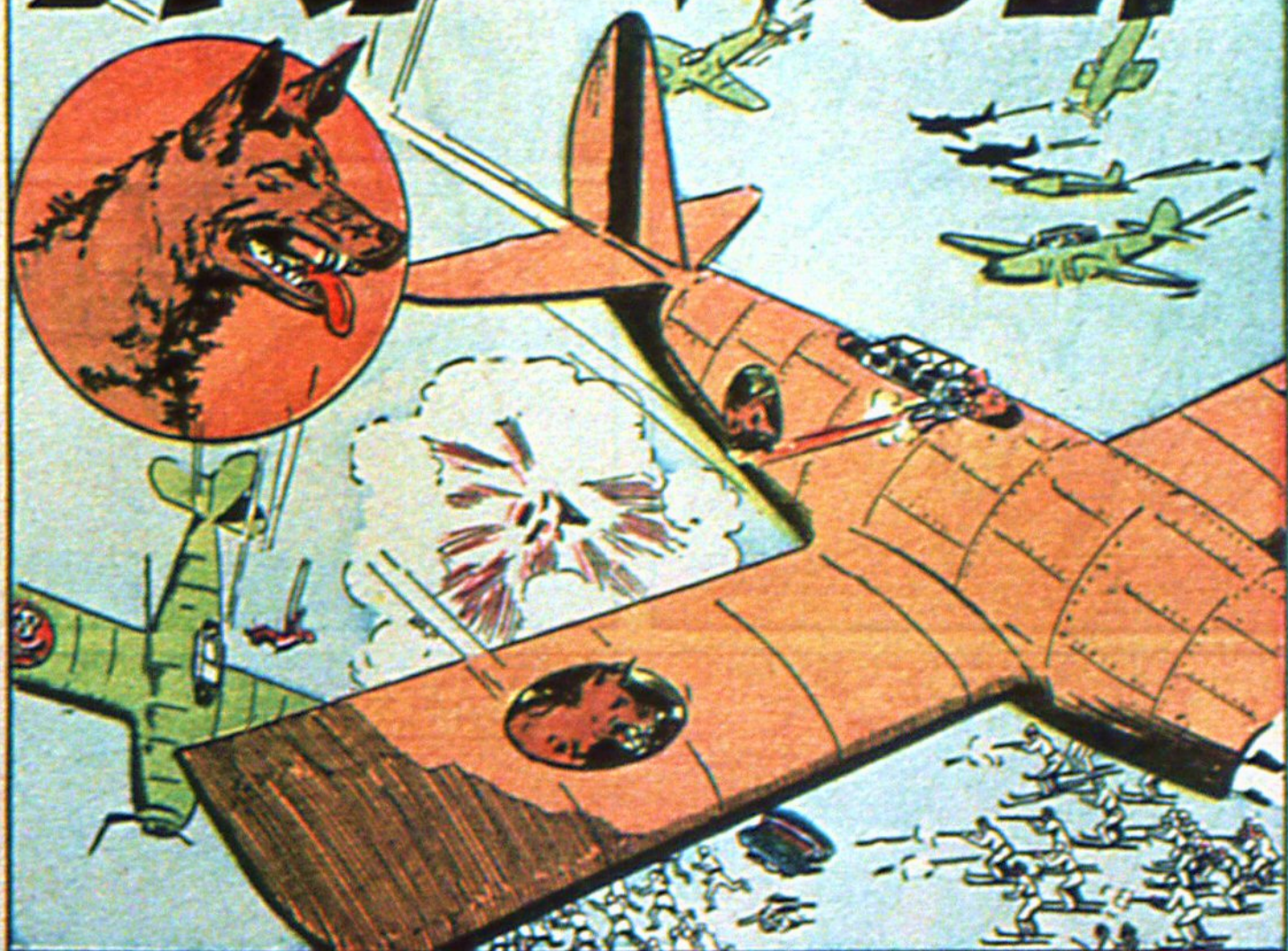
HURLING THE LEADER AT THEM, ACE SEES THE MEN GO CRASHING INTO THE WALLS. THE WEAKENED STRUCTURE GIVES WAY AND THE MEN FALL INTO THE GRAVE DUG FOR ACE POWERS.



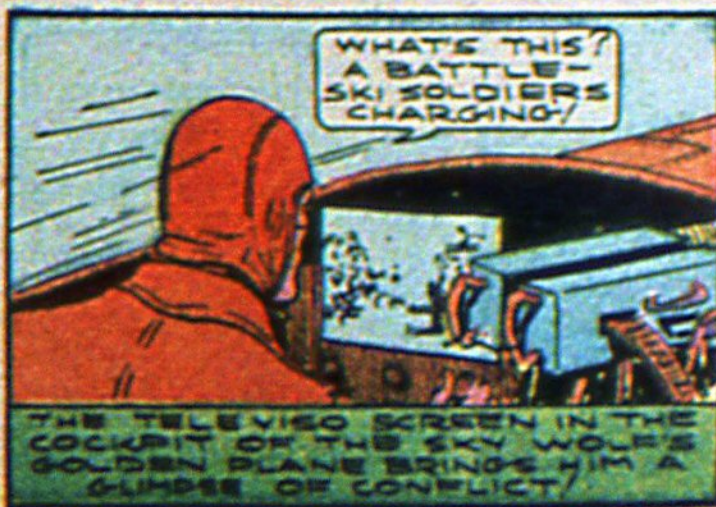
WHAT DID THE PANTHER MEN MEAN WHEN THEY SAID, "WE KNOW THE SECRET OF THIS ROOM?" ACE POWERS SMASHES HIS WAY INTO NEW SURPRISES IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

SILVER STREAK
Comics

SKY WOLF



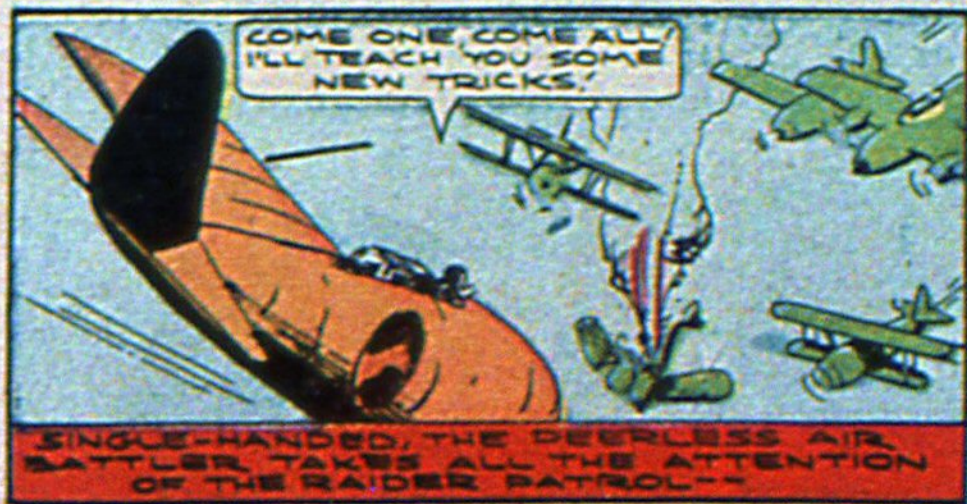
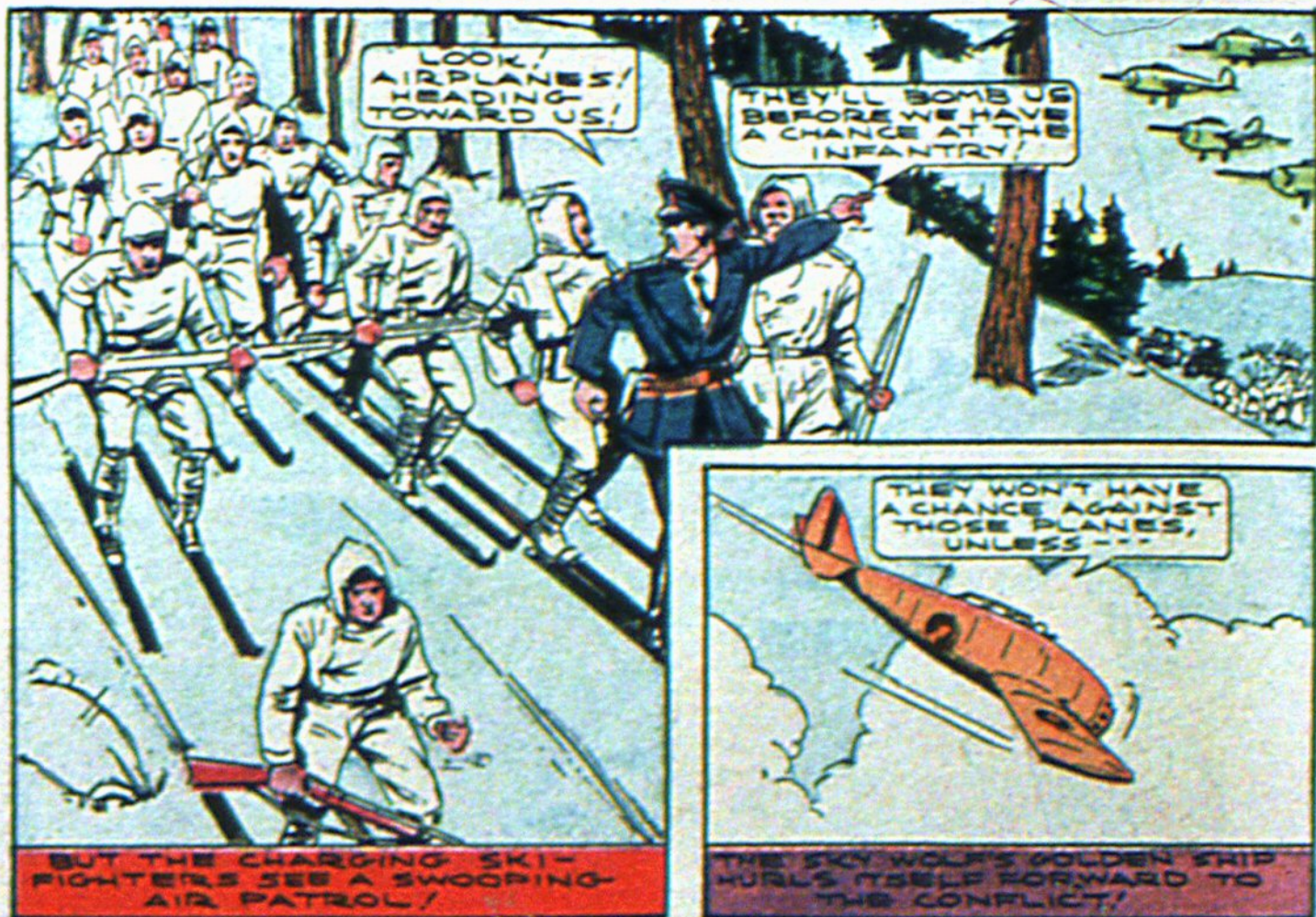
AMID ARCTIC SNOWS, WHERE BRAVE LITTLE NORRLAND FACES OVERWHELMING ODDS IN ENEMY GUNS AND PLANES, THE SKY WOLF—TRUMP ACE OF THE AIR ADVENTURERS—ZOOMS HIS WAY TO VICTORY OVER OPPRESSION AND PROVIDES A FIGHTING CHANCE FOR A VALIANT ARMY OF DEFENSE.

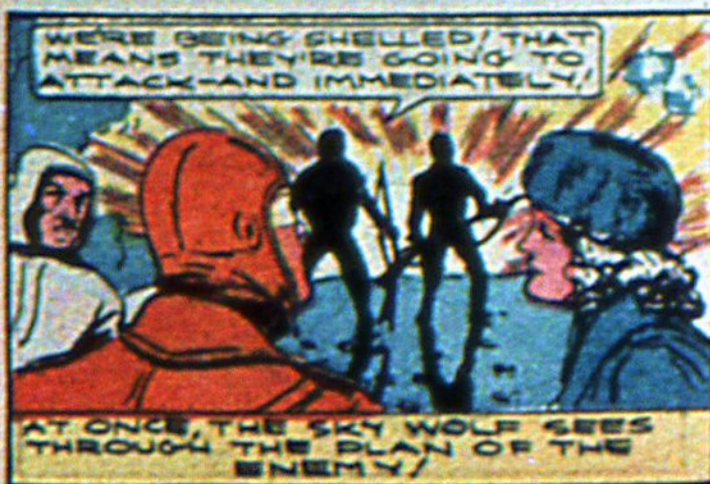
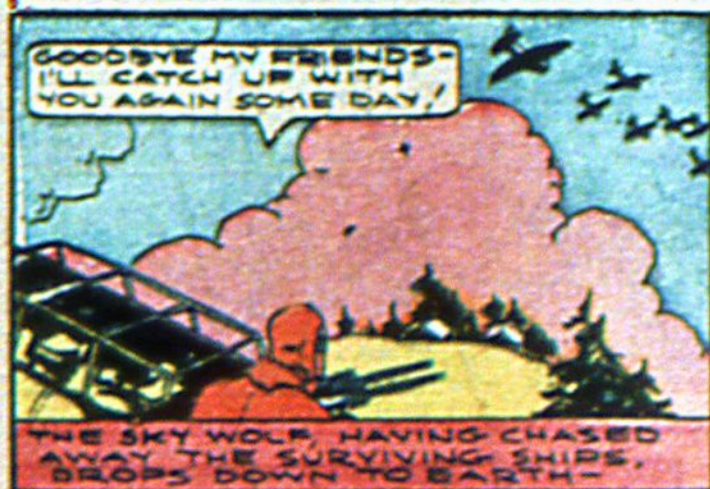


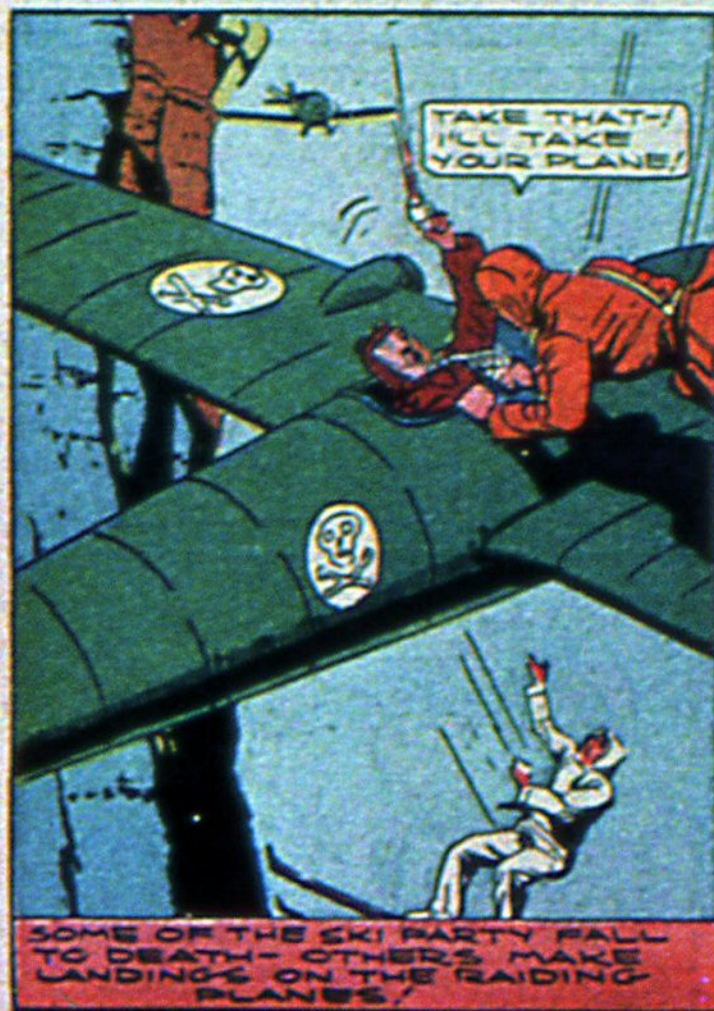
THE TELEVISION SCREEN IN THE COCKPIT OF THE SKY WOLF'S GOLDEN PLANE BRINGS HIM A GLIMPSE OF CONFLICT.



A NORRLANDER SKI PATROL CHARGES THE INVADING ENEMY!



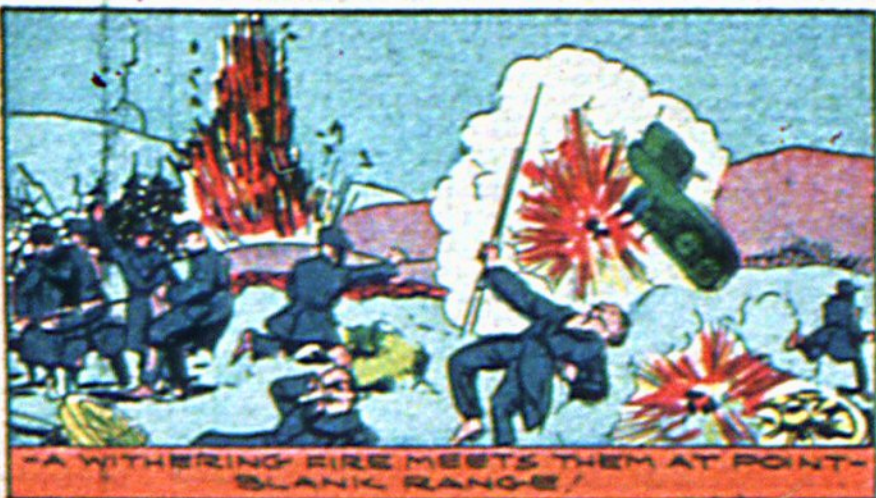






SOUND THE CHARGE!
THE INFANTRY WILL
MOVE FORWARD!

THE ENEMY CHIEF HAS AL-
READY ORDERED THE INFAN-
TRY TO ADVANCE, WHEN-



A WITHERING FIRE MEETS THEM AT POINT-
BLANK RANGE!



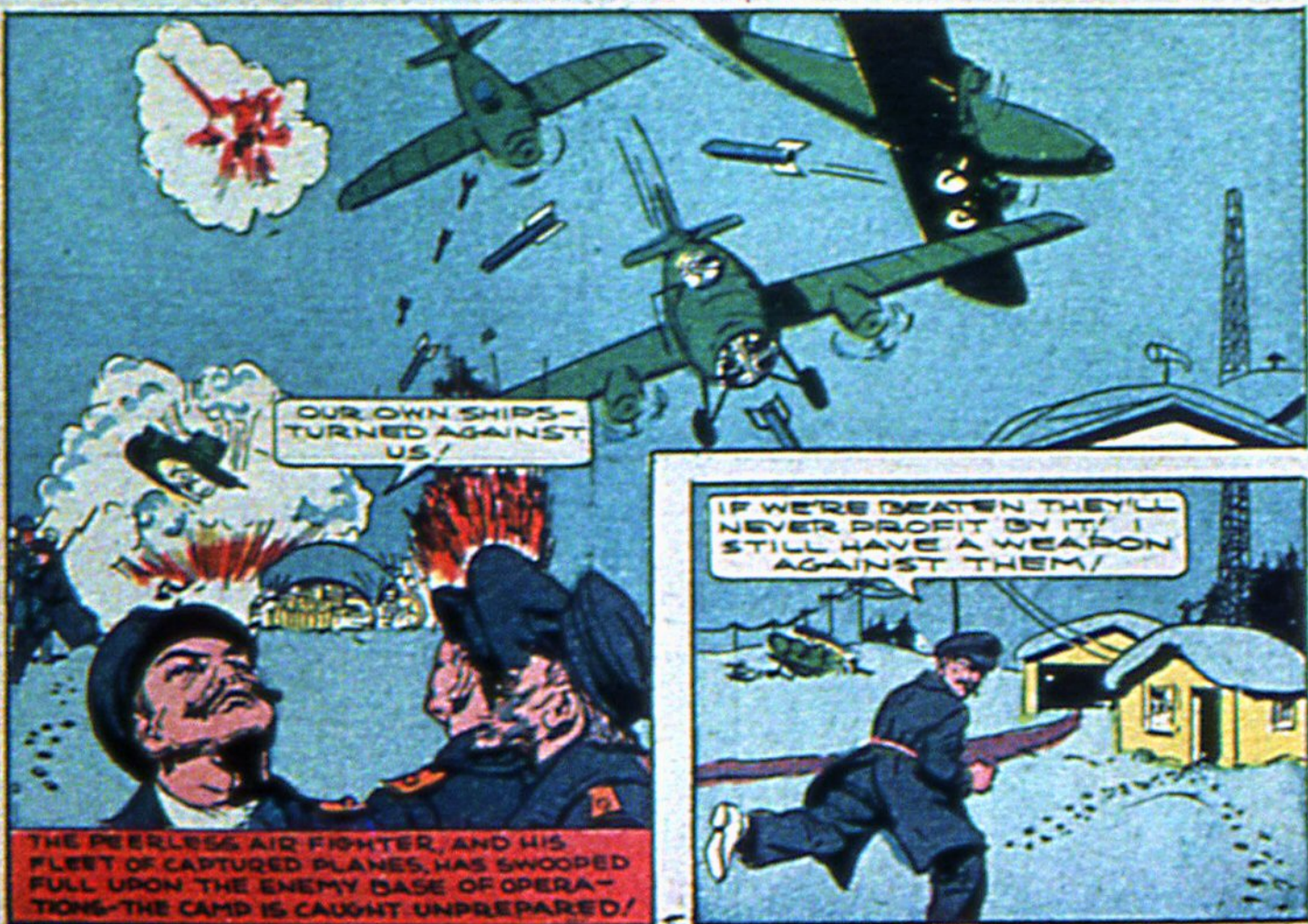
THEY'RE SURRENDERING,
CAPTAIN IRJA! WE MAY
TURN THE TIDE.

YES! IT'S ALL
BECAUSE OF
THE SKY WOLF!

IRJA ACCOMPANIES THE COUNTER-ATTACK,
WHICH CAPTURES MANY OF THE RETREATING
FORMEN!



I WONDER WHAT
THE SKY WOLF
IS DOING NOW?

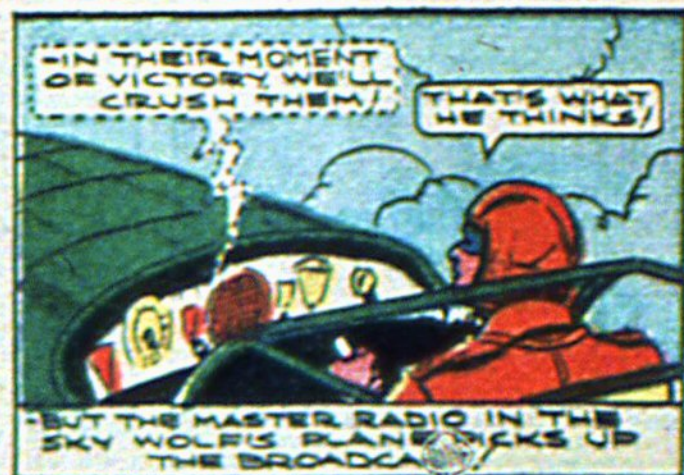


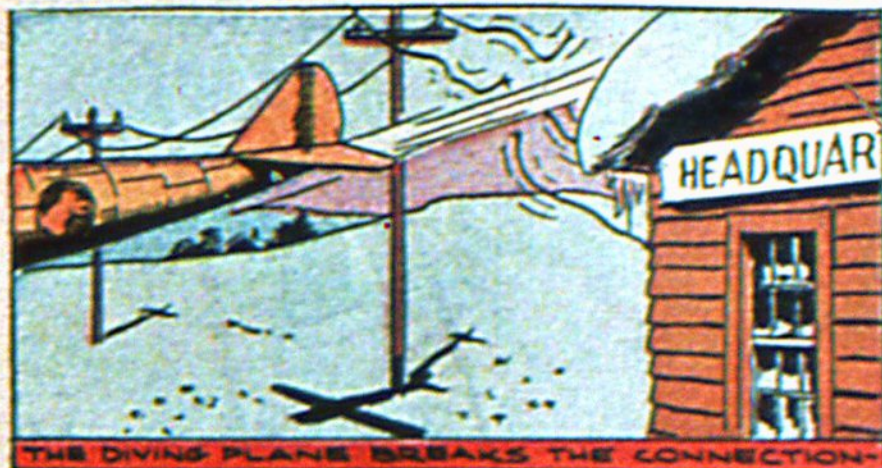
OUR OWN SHIPS-
TURNED AGAINST
US!

THE PEERLESS AIR FIGHTER, AND HIS
FLEET OF CAPTURED PLANES, HAS SWOOPED
FULL UPON THE ENEMY BASE OF OPERA-
TIONS-THE CAMP IS CAUGHT UNPREPARED!

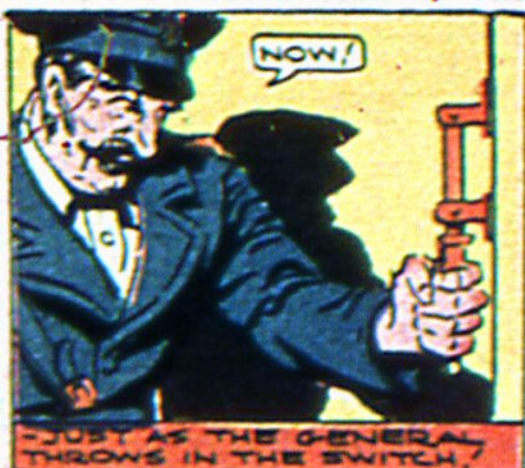
IF WE'RE BEATEN THEY'LL
NEVER PROFIT BY IT! I
STILL HAVE A WEAPON
AGAINST THEM!







THE DIVING PLANE BREAKS THE CONNECTION-



-JUST AS THE GENERAL THROWS IN THE SWITCH,



THE NORRLAND INFANTRY BEAR DOWN ON THE CAMP!



DESPERATE, THE DEFEATED CHIEF FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE! THE SKY WOLF IS CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



SNATCHING A BRAND FROM THE FIREPLACE-



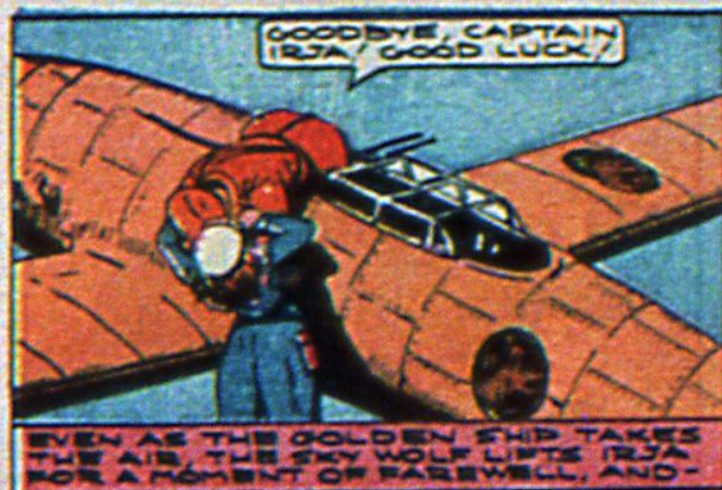
THE ENEMY LEADER HURRIES TO BURN HIS MUNITIONS!



BUT, BEFORE HE CAN SET THE FIRE, THE SKY WOLF SEIZES HIM!



HIS WORK DONE, THE SKY WOLF IS READY TO LEAVE.



EVEN AS THE GOLDEN SHIP TAKES THE AIR, THE SKY WOLF LIFTS IRJA FOR A MOMENT OF FAREWELL, AND-



VICTORIOUS BUT A LITTLE SAD, THE SKY WOLF SAILS AWAY INTO THE UNKNOWN, BUT A NEW CHALLENGE COMES TO HIM IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SILVER STREAK COMICS.



RETURNING FROM THE DANGER-CROWDED CAVERNS OF RHODESIA, LANCE HALE CARRIES WITH HIM HIS DEAD UNCLE'S LEGACY OF WEALTH, NOT KNOWING THAT IT CONTAINS ANOTHER LEGACY OF HORROR AND LIFE-OR-DEATH STRUGGLE.....



WITH THIS TREASURE, I CAN DO A LOT OF GOOD IN THE WORLD-- STOP PLENTY OF CRIME AND MISERY!

BOARDING A SHIP FOR HIS NATIVE AMERICA, LANCE ALWAYS CARRIES THE BOX OF JEWELS.



THE GEM OF EVIL IS IN THAT BOX--WE GOTTA GET IT!

THE ADVENTURER IS SPIED ON BY LURKING FIGURES --



-- WHO WARILY APPROACH HIM.

LANCE WHIRLS
TO MEET THE
SUDDEN ATTACK--

STRONG ARM BOYS, HUH!

RUSH HIM!
GET THE
JEWELS!



--AND SEES VICTORY
NEAR AT HAND.

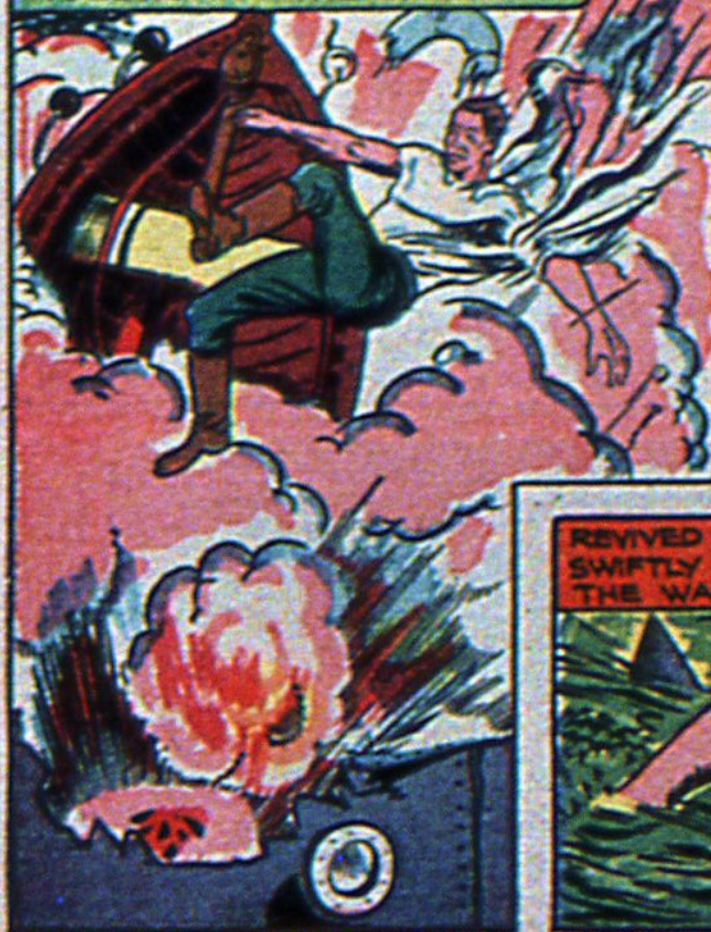


PULLING A BOMB FROM
HIS COAT --

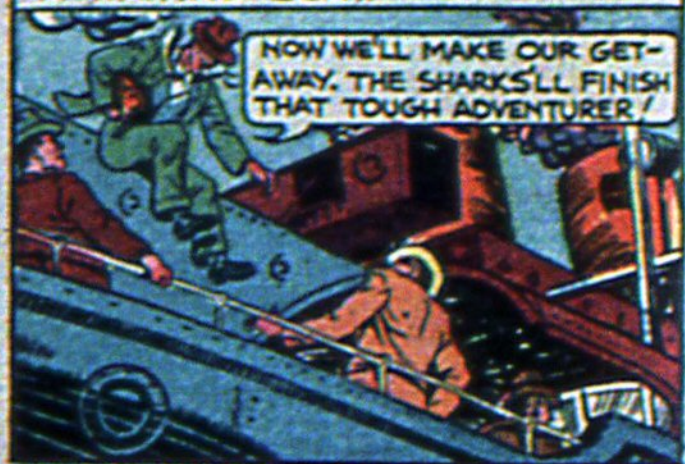
THIS'LL FIX
THAT WILD
GUY!



--THE GANGSTER BLASTS AWAY
A SECTION OF THE LINER.



SCOOPING UP THE TREASURE BOX, THE
CRIMINALS CLAMBER OVERBOARD TO
A WAITING BOAT.



NOW WE'LL MAKE OUR GET-
AWAY. THE SHARKS'LL FINISH
THAT TOUGH ADVENTURER!

REVIVED BY THE CONTACT OF COLD WATER, LANCE
SWIFTLY HEADS FOR THE LINER--WITH A FIN CUTTING
THE WATER AT HIS BACK!



THIS WATER IS FILLED
WITH SHARKS! I'D BETTER
HUSTLE OUT OF HERE!

THE HUNGRY SHARK GLIDES FORWARD--



--BUT DUCKING THE VICIOUS LUNGE, LANCE
DRIVES A DEATH BLOW INTO ITS VITALS!



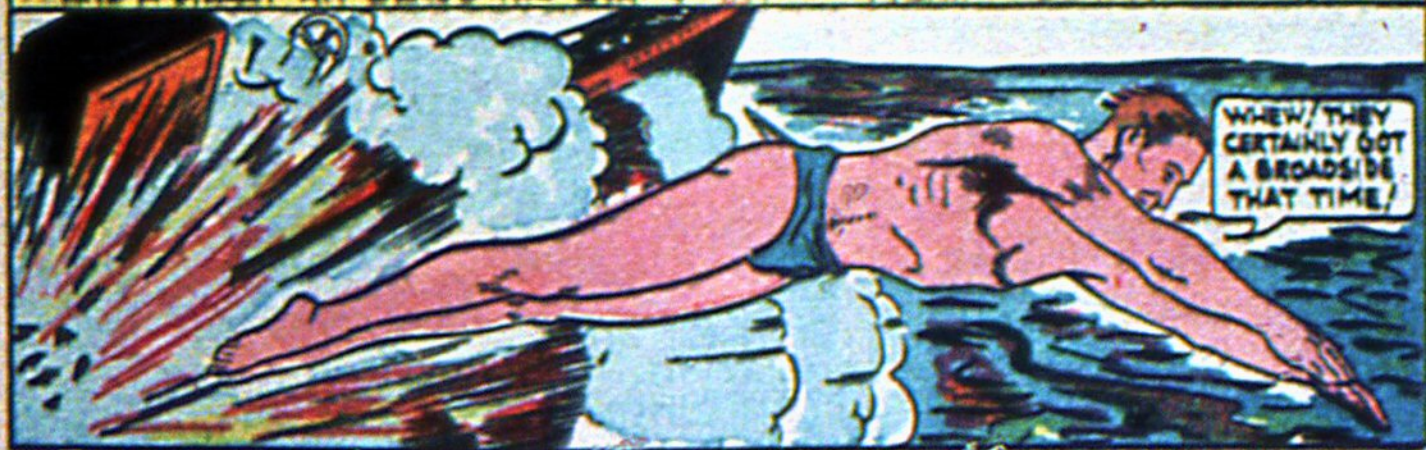
LEARNING ABOARD, HE SEES THE
FLEEING MOBSTERS.



SEEING LANCE'S APPROACH, THE FUGITIVES
MOUNT A SMALL CANNON--



-- AND A DIRECT HIT SENDS THE BOAT UP IN A SHATTERING BLAST!



SAVED BY A QUICK DIVE, LANCE
WATCHES THE DEPARTING BOAT.



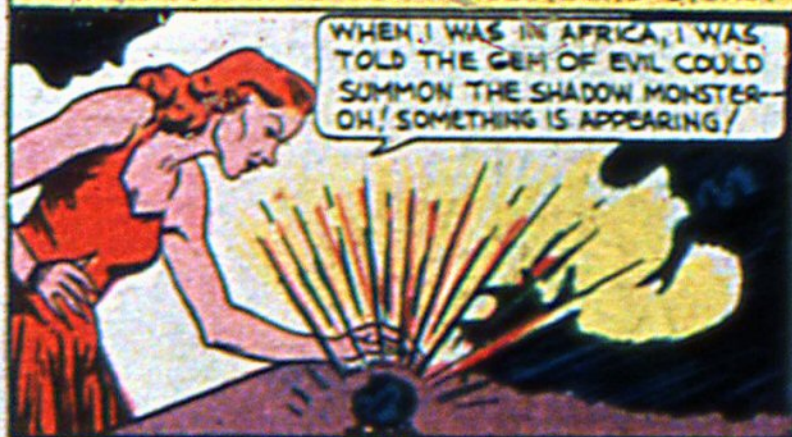
THE MEN REPORT TO LURISA, THEIR CRUEL LEADER.

WE GOT RID OF THAT WALE GUY, JUST
AS YOU SAID--AND HERE'S THE JEWELS.



WEIRD LIGHTS RADIATE FROM THE GUTTERING STONE.

WHEN I WAS IN AFRICA, I WAS TOLD THE GEM OF EVIL COULD SUMMON THE SHADOW MONSTER—OH! SOMETHING IS APPEARING!



WITH HER SHREWD MIND LOCKED IN DEEP HYPNOSIS, SHE CALLS AGAIN AND AGAIN—

I BID YOU APPEAR!
I BID YOU APPEAR!



AT LAST,
I'VE DONE IT!

I COME TO DO YOUR
BIDDING, OH MISTRESS!



—AND THE DISTORTED FIGURE OF THE SHADOW MONSTER APPEARS, UGLY AND MENACING!

SHE UNLEASHES THE HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY ON A SLEEPING METROPOLIS —

GO! DO AS I HAVE
COMMANDED!



—A SHIP IS SUNK FOR INSURANCE PURPOSES —



THE
ENTIRE
COUNTRY IS
TERRORIZED
BY THE
SHADOW
MONSTER



BANKS ARE LOOTED, CASHIERS
MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD —



—AND SO THE LAW IS POWERLESS IN HIS PATH!

BUT LANCE HALE, HAVING BATTLED THROUGH MILES OF OCEAN, SCOURS THE CITY FOR THE THIEVES OF THE GEM OF EVIL...



I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MONSTER AND SHATTER IT-- BEFORE MORE PEOPLE FEEL ITS WRATH!

SEEING AN EXCITED CROWD GATHERED AT THE BANK--



WHAT'S THE COMMOTION DOWN THE STREET THERE?



THESE OFFICERS ARE IN TROUBLE I'VE GOT TO HELP!

--LANCE SPRINGS FORWARD TO FIND THE MONSTER AT ANOTHER RAID. HE IMMEDIATELY LEAPS INTO THE MELÉE



HOLD HIM MEN, DON'T LET HIM GET-- OOOOF!

THE ENRAGED BEAST SLAMS LANCE AGAINST THE WALL.



FIGHTING HIS WAY CLEAR, THE SHADOW MONSTER SLINKS THROUGH DARK ALLEYS--

-- NOT REALIZING THAT THE FIGHTING LANCE IS CLOSE ON HIS TRAIL!



I'LL TRAIL HIM TO HIS HIDEOUT. I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS!

AS HE NEARS THE TRAIL'S END, A GUNMAN QUIETLY STOPPED HIM.



WHAT TH---

JUST A LITTLE SURPRISE, SNOOPER!

REACHING THE DOORWAY--



LANCE WHIRLS LIKE A TORNADO AND GOES INTO ACTION.



PICKING UP THE FALLEN MAN'S GUN--



-- LANCE BLASTS AWAY AT THE CROOKS, NOT NOTICING THE HUGE HAND REACHING FROM BEHIND HIM.

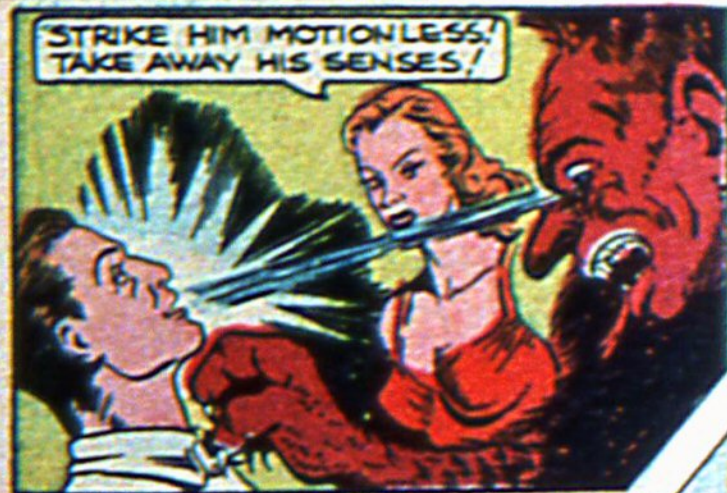


JUST AS HE STARTS TO CRUSH LANCE--



-- LURIDA DASHES FROM ANOTHER ROOM AND HALTS HIM.





WHEN LANCE RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS HE FINDS HIMSELF DANGLING HEAD DOWNWARD ABOVE A LEAPING FLAME!



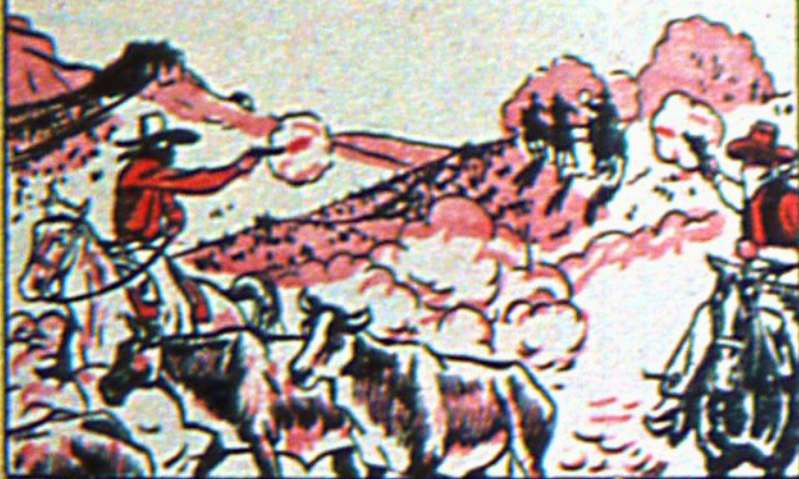
BILL WAYNE



RANGER BILL WAYNE, THE TEXAS TERROR, RIDES THE DUSTY TRAIL OF CATTLE RUSTLERS, AND BOOMING SIX GUNS ECHO THROUGH THE VALLEY.

TEXAS TERROR

...ANOTHER NIGHT RAID IN GUN VALLEY.



TELEGRAMS—
WHAT'S WRONG,
CHIEF?

READ THEM,
BILLY! THEY'RE
FROM GUN
VALLEY.
RANCHERS.
YOUR NEXT
JOB!



RANGER BILL WAYNE, THE TEXAS TERROR, REPORTS TO HIS CHIEF.

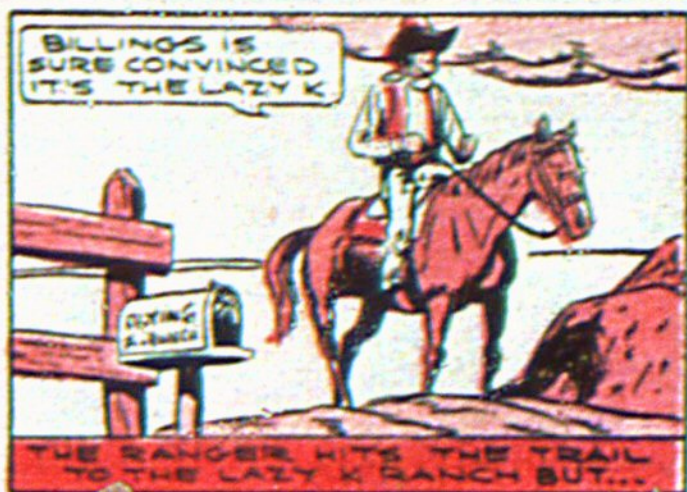
THE TEXAS TERROR!
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT
WHAT HE'S IN GUN
VALLEY FOR!



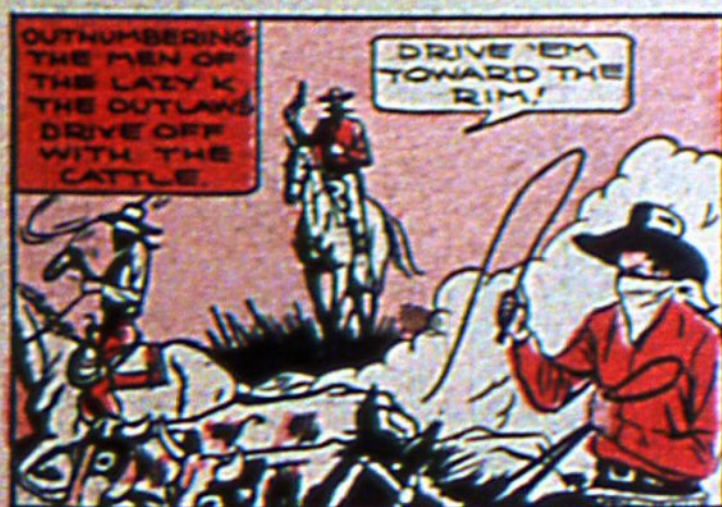
BILL WAYNE LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING TO GUN VALLEY AND HIS PRESENCE IS SOON NOTICED.

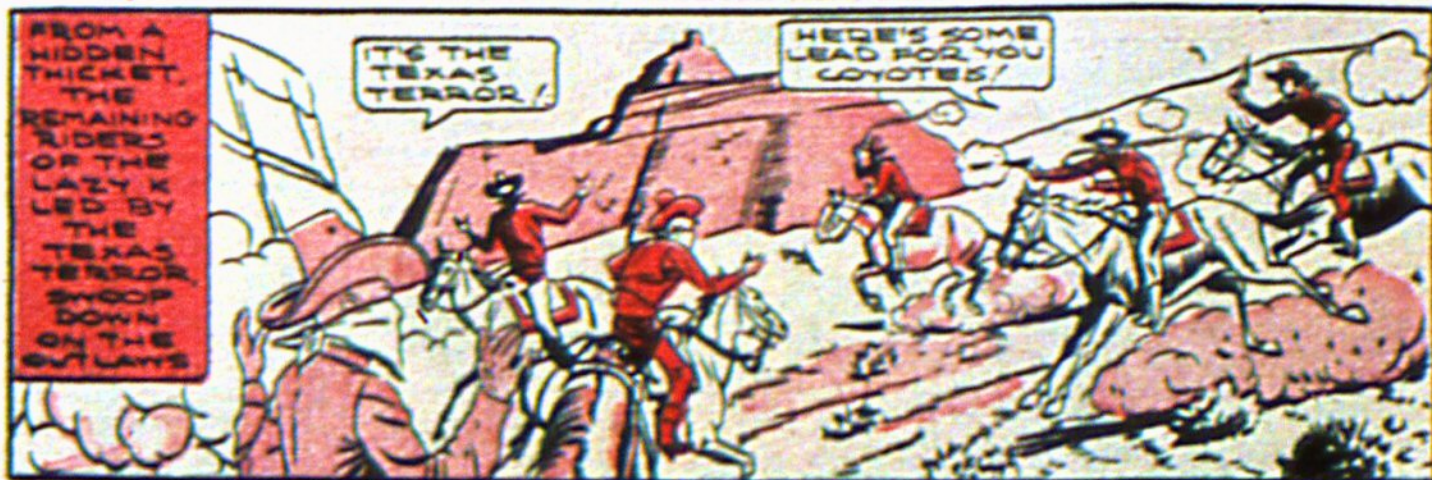


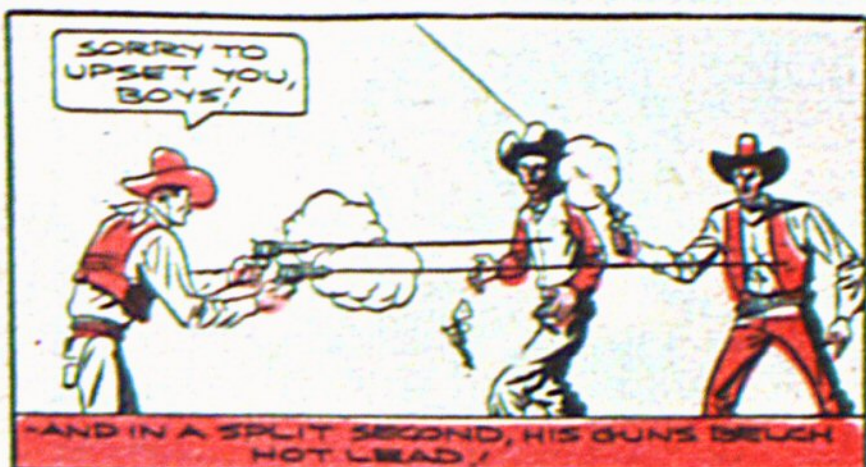


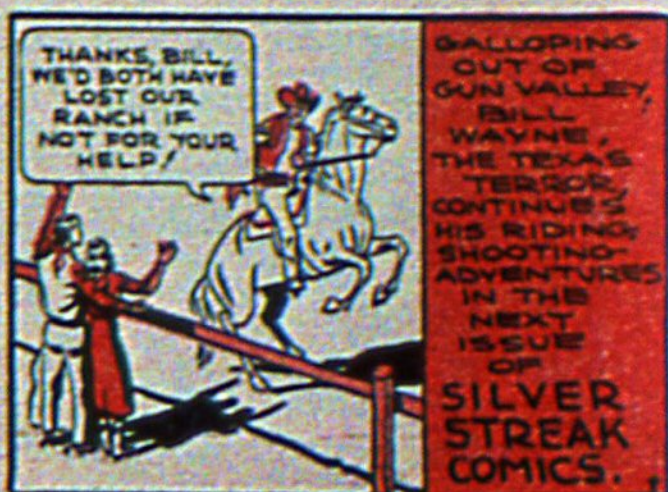












Well WORTH it!

BY
CARL FORMES

THE cold howling wind whipped the air full of whirling snow—a churning wall of it. It had all come up in a moment—night, cold, fear; and the car was stalled.

Young Mike Conroy tried once more to coax the engine back to life—in vain. He turned to the big blonde youth beside him.

"I'm afraid," he said, trying to hide the concern he felt, "that we're off the road."

"Pretty hard to tell whether you're on or off, in this snow," answered Hanson Erickson. The wind was whipping itself into a gale of fury, driving the snow before it in almost horizontal streaks. In the few minutes that elapsed since they skidded off the road, the drift had already made headway in covering the right side of the car. The wintry powder was creeping higher and higher up the windows.

"We'll have to get out of here," said Mike, raising his voice above the whistling scream of the wind. "If this keeps up, the car will be covered in a couple of hours." As if in agreement, the wind rose to an even greater fury.

"I think I know about where we are," continued Mike. "We should be right

back of one of Rickson's pasture fields." The two youths pulled their caps over their ears, and buttoned their overcoat collars tightly around their throats.

"O.K. here goes," yelled Mike, reaching under the dash board for his flash light. He opened the door, and the wind fairly sucked them out.

"I hope to goodness Mike didn't start," said Ma Conroy, looking up from her knitting. Pa Conroy had his face glued to the kitchen window pane, continually rubbing a little spot which he had freed of its Jack Frost etching.

"Ma," he said, with a worried look on his kindly old face, "I've never seen such a storm in my life. If only Mike stopped off somewhere."

"He wrote he'd bring his roommate, Hanson Erickson," said Ma. "At least, Mike won't be alone. Wish he'd phone."

"I'll call the Fergusons. They're at the head of the road, maybe they've seen the boys." Pa spun the little bell handle of the old-fashioned farm phone, and picked up the receiver. No response. He tried it several times, but not even the usual hum

greeted him.

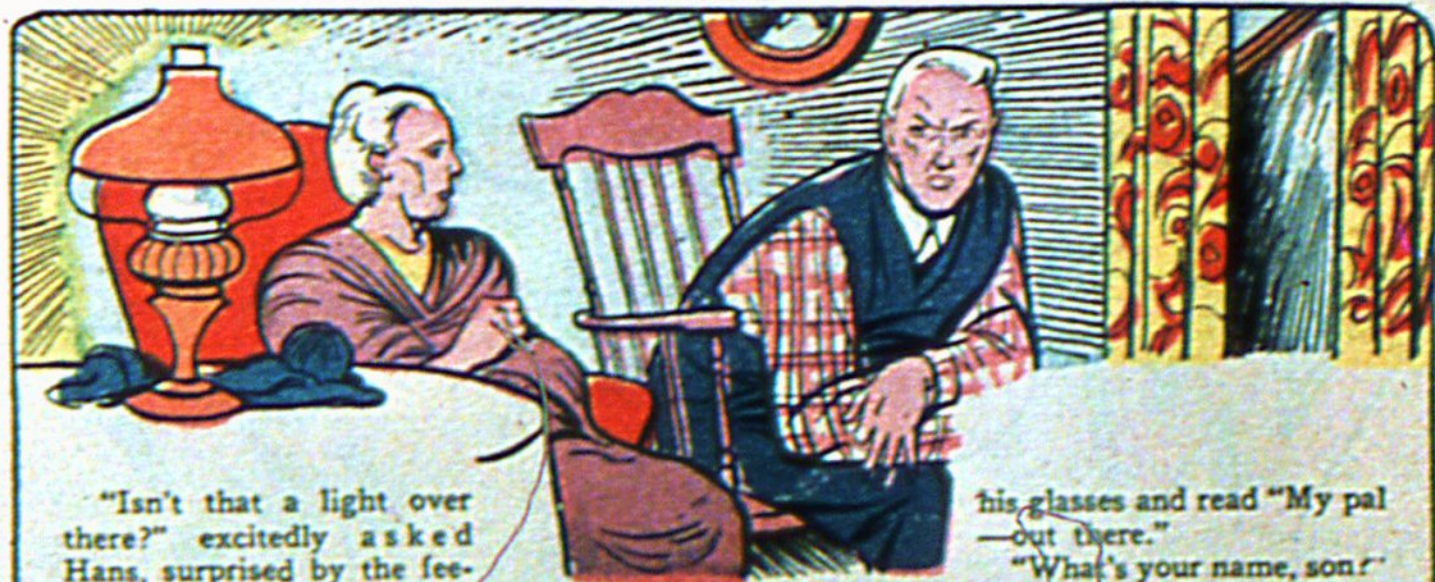
"The line's down, Ma," he slowly said.

"If we could only get to the woods," called Mike, all out of breath. "We'd at least be out of this fierce wind."

"Can't see a foot ahead," puffed Hans. "Wonder if we're going straight." Mike had also been wondering this very thing for some time. They should have come either to the woods or the outlying barns long ago, if they were on the Rickson place.

"Stop a minute!" came Mike's voice in muffled tones. He took off his gloves, and fumbling in his pocket, his numbed fingers managed to bring forth a penknife with a tiny compass on its side. He pressed the flashlight and tried to read the compass, but the snow had already covered its face. His numbed fingers lost their hold. The flash fell and buried itself in the deep snow.

The boys were both exhausted from lifting their snow-clumped feet through the drifts. Several times they had fallen headlong into holes. Their faces felt as if they had been cut into raw ribbons, by the merciless gale.



"Isn't that a light over there?" excitedly asked Hans, surprised by the feebleness of his voice. Only the howling of the wind answered him. He turned to where but a moment before his pal had been plodding along at his side. He saw only snow.

"Mike! Mike! Where are you?" His voice sounded as if he were calling into a blanket. Tears of mingled fear and rage welled from his eyes. He staggered and stumbled on—calling—calling!

Ma was still knitting. Occasionally her grey head would nod, then she would jerk it upright again. Pa got up from his rocker, and for the fourth time in the hour, stirred the fire. He again looked out of the window.

"Seems to be letting up a bit, Ma," he said, just to break the oppressive silence. "Guess I'll go—" he stopped short, listening intently. There, he heard it again. A faint wail like call from somewhere out in that storm. He glanced over at Ma. She had fallen asleep. Her knitting lay on the floor. Pa now put on his storm boots, mackinaw, gloves and fur cap. He went into the summer kitchen, so as not to disturb Ma. By repeated pushing he managed, inch by inch, to open the outside door far enough to squeeze himself through.

He stood in the farm yard and listened. The wind had died down quite a bit.

"A-oh! A-oh!" in faint hardly human tones reached his sharpened ears. The sound had come from somewhere back of the barn. He stepped back into the summer kitchen, switched on the barn yard lights, took a battery lantern from the wall, and again hurried out into the storm. The snow fall had lightened much. The barn yard was lit hazily.

"A-oh! A-oh!" again sounded through the night. Pa struggled through the snow, past the barn, and into the field beyond. He found Hans stumbling drunkenly around in a large circle.

Hans was trying to write something on a bit of wrapping paper on the meat block in the summer kitchen. The hired man and his wife were rubbing his cheeks with snow. They didn't dare take him into the warm kitchen yet. He tried to talk, but only a jumble of woolly sounds came forth from his swollen throat. His numbed fingers refused to hold the pencil. In desperation he shoved the pencil into Pa's hand, and pushed it around until a few words were written on the paper. Pa put on

his glasses and read "My pal—out there."

"What's your name, son?" asked Pa, a sickening fear coming over him. Again Hans pushed Pa's hand to write. Slowly the name was spelled out. "Hanson Erickson."

Pa and the hired man brought Mike in on a sled. They had found him in the same field. In the blinding snow he had turned into an old, little used road that passed right through their farm, instead of the one further on, which connected with the main highway. On this highway Mike's home was located.

Lusty rubbing with snow on several frost bitten spots was all that Mike required. His feet were the worst frozen, otherwise he could have returned under his own power.

They were all sitting at breakfast, the next morning. The table had to be strong indeed to hold the load that Ma had piled upon it. As Hans sank his teeth into a thick slab of Pa's home-cured bacon, and inhaled a noseful of Ma's famous coffee, he beamingly turned to Mike.

"We had plenty of trouble getting here," Hans said, "but if that is the only way to these vittles—Oh boy! It was WELL WORTH IT."

THE END

Story of AVIATION

MAN HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO FLY!

HE ENVIED BIRDS. THEY COULD GET FROM PLACE TO PLACE VERY QUICKLY AND EASILY, WHILE MAN HAD TO WALK.

EARLY PLANS FOR **FLYING-**

NEARLY 500 YEARS AGO, LEONARDO DA VINCI, FAMOUS ARTIST, STUDIED MANY BIRDS, TRYING TO FIND THE SECRET OF THEIR

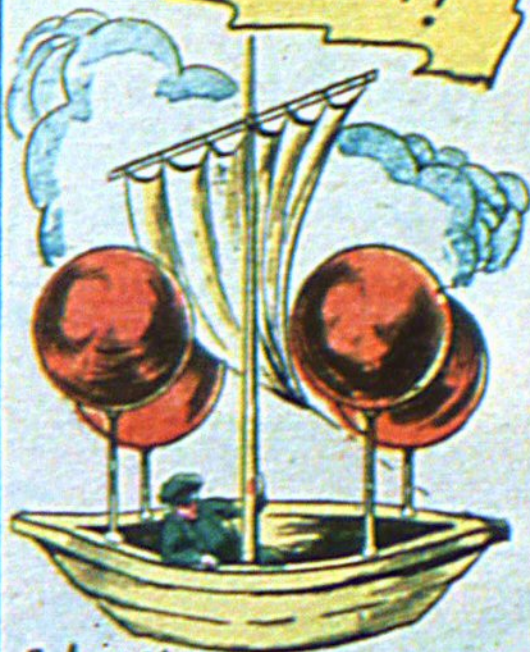
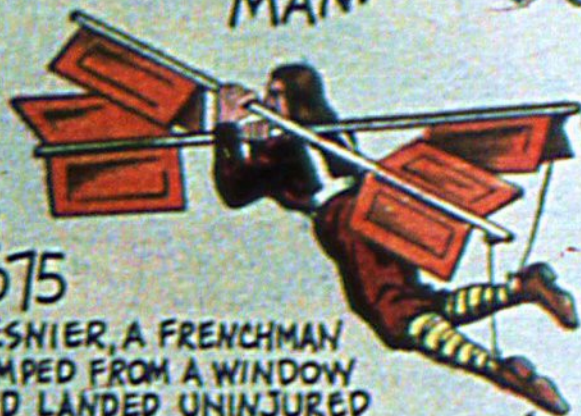
FLIGHT!

1593 A MAN WHO'S NAME IS UNKNOWN DREW PLANS OF A PARACHUTE, BUT CALLED IT THE **FLYING MAN!**



IN 1675

BESNIER, A FRENCHMAN JUMPED FROM A WINDOW AND LANDED UNINJURED WITH THIS STRANGE APPARATUS - BUT HE WAS GLIDING, NOT FLYING!



LANA'S AIRSHIP.. 1670

LANA HAD AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT IDEA.. A SHIP THAT FLOATED IN THE AIR... FOUR HUGE HOLLOW COPPER BALLS THIN AS TISSUE PAPER, AND DEVOID OF AIR, SUPPORTED A BOAT IN WHICH A MAN COULD RIDE... LACK OF MONEY PREVENTED HIM FROM CARRYING OUT HIS SCHEME

HUNDREDS OF YEARS HAD PASSED, BUT STILL MAN HAD NOT LEARNED TO FLY!



IN 1783

JOSEPH and STEPHEN MONTGOLFIER, DISCOVERED THAT A LINEN BAG, LINED WITH PAPER, WHEN FILLED WITH HOT AIR WOULD RISE, AFTER MANY TRIALS THEY SENT UP A LARGE BALLOON, A LITTLE BASKET HUNG FROM IT, CONTAINING A SHEEP, A DUCK AND A HEN - **THE FIRST AIR PASSENGERS!**

HAVING FOUND A WAY TO GO UP IN THE AIR, MAN NOW WANTED TO DIRECT HIS COURSE!

CONTINUED...

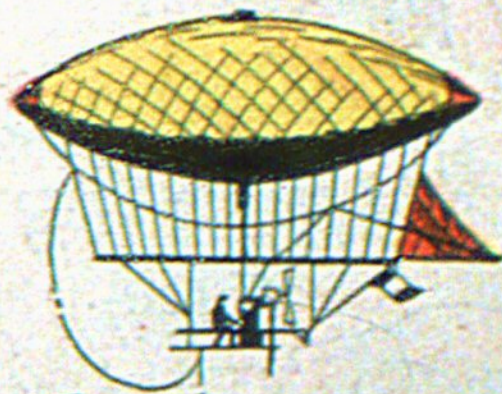
STORY OF AVIATION

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AFTER

= YEARS OF TRIALS, EXPERIMENTS, AND FAILURES, THE BALLOON WHICH ROSE AND DRIFTED WITH THE WIND BECAME THE GREAT AIRSHIP OF TODAY —

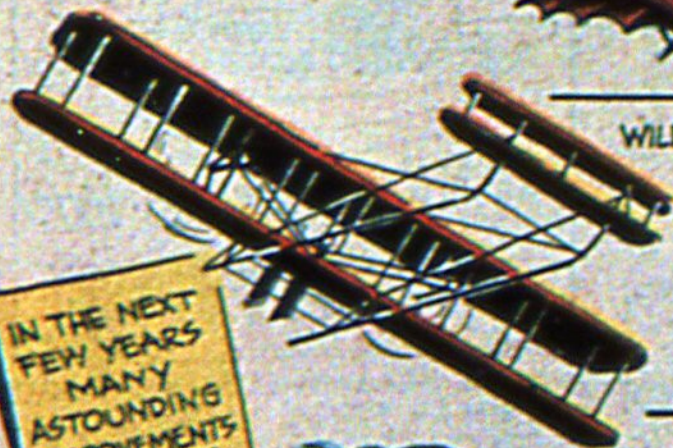
BUT--THEY WERE STILL LIGHTER THAN AIR!



FINALLY, AFTER MANY IDEAS WERE TRIED, IN 1852, BALLOONS, FILLED WITH GAS WERE BUILT IN THE SHAPE OF A CIGAR, AND HAD SMALL STEAM ENGINES TURNING PROPELLERS, AND WERE STEERED BY **RUDDERS!**



IN 1896
LILIENTHAL
BY WATCHING
A STORK FLYING
DEVELOPED THE
GLIDER
BUT COULD NOT
KEEP IT FROM
TIPPING
SIDWAYS!



WILBUR and ORVILLE

WRIGHT-

IN 1903, AFTER MANY EXPERIMENTS, DISCOVERED WHAT LILIENTHAL COULD NOT. THEY MADE THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT OF A HEAVIER THAN AIR MACHINE AT KITTY HAWK, N.C. DEC. 17, 1903. A DISTANCE OF A QUARTER OF A MILE!

IN THE NEXT
FEW YEARS
MANY
ASTOUNDING
IMPROVEMENTS
WERE MADE
ON WRIGHT'S
MODEL.

AND IN 1927-



**CHARLES
LINDBERGH**

FLEW ALONE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN, FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS IN 33 HOURS!

STILL MANY IMPROVEMENTS WERE TO BE MADE, AND TODAY GIANT, LUXURIOUS AIR LINERS ARE ABLE TO FLY UNDER NEARLY ALL CONDITIONS!



MAN
HAS
LEARNED TO
FLY!

DICKIE DEAN

IS NO SUPER-HUMAN. HE IS JUST AN AVERAGE AMERICAN BOY WHO HAS DEVELOPED WITHIN HIMSELF THE ABILITY TO FIGURE OUT PROBLEMS BY LOGICAL DEDUCTION. HIS INVENTIONS ARE NOT WORKS OF MAGIC BUT THE RESULT OF SENSIBLE THINKING.

DICKIE DEAN

YOU TOO

CAN DEVELOP AN INVENTIVE MIND!—LOOK ABOUT YOU AND PICK OUT THE LITTLE THINGS THAT YOU THINK COULD BE IMPROVED. FOR INSTANCE A MAN HAD TROUBLE FINDING A KEYHOLE IN THE DARK—HE PUT A TINY FUNNEL ON IT SO THE KEY WOULD SLIDE RIGHT IN! NOW YOU TRY ONE

THE BOY INVENTOR

by Jack Cole

AT HOME, DICKIE DEAN ANSWERS THE DOORBELL.

PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF:—“MAP” WILSON, UNIVERSAL PRESS CORRESPONDENT—AND YOUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

WON'T YOU COME IN?

I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU THAT I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO GET A BEHIND-THE-SCENES INTERVIEW. JUST WHAT IS IN BACK OF THESE STARTLING INVENTIONS??

A GOOD LAB. AND A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS ABOUT ALL IT TAKES... THIS IS MY CHEMISTRY CORNER.

THEN THERE'S THE MACHINE SHOP—A BIG HELP IN CONSTRUCTION WORK. BESIDES THIS I HAVE AN ELECTRIC SHOP, LIBRARY AND CARPENTER SHOP.

NEVER SEEN A MORE COMPACT LABORATORY—AND ALL PAID FOR OUT OF THE PROCEEDS OF YOUR INVENTIONS!

BUT HOW ABOUT A PREVIEW OF ONE OF YOUR FUTURE INVENTIONS??—CAN'T YOU GIVE ME AN IDEA OF WHAT YOU'RE WORKING ON NOW??—IT'LL MAKE A GREAT STORY!

I'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT—I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU—HAVE AN APPLE?

THANKS! HANDY GADGET, THAT.



OPENING A DOOR DICKIE SHOWS THE NEWS CORRESPONDENT A STRANGE-LOOKING CRAFT

THERE SHE IS—BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU ANYTHING MORE ABOUT HER JUST YET

OH, COME, COME DON'T LEAVE ME HANGING IN MID-AIR LIKE THIS—WHAT IS IT—A SUPER-SPEED BOAT OR SOMETHING?



IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW COME AROUND WHEN THE SPRING FLOODS BEGIN TO RISE IN THE OHIO RIVER—THAT IS, IF THEY DO!

DICKIE DEAN I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU UP ON THAT!!



A WEEK PASSES—TWO WEEKS.—THEN A HEAVY DOWNPOUR DRENCHES THE ALLEGHENY MOUNTAIN SECTOR FOR THREE DAYS STRAIGHT!! RIVERS RISE RAPIDLY.



HAD WILSON IS AMONG THE FIRST TO RECEIVE NEWS OF THE FLOOD

HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN, THE OHIO UP AND SO IS MY CURIOSITY

GOLLY I'M GLAD YOU CAME!—MY FRIEND IS AWAY, AND I HAVE NO ONE TO HELP WITH THE TEST. WOULD YOU GO IN HIS PLACE?



EAGERLY THE TWO PLACE THE BOAT ON TOP OF HAP'S CAR AND DRIVE DOWN TO THE RIVER'S EDGE

ALL SET—HOP IN!

AND STILL THE YOUNG GENIUS PREFERS TO KEEP ME IN THE DARK!



I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF—WATCH!

BY ZEUS!!—THE RIVER IS BUBBLING ALL ABOUT US!—AND THE WATER IS RECEDING!—WOULD IT BE TOO WILD A GUESS TO SAY THIS IS SOME SORT OF GIANT ELECTROLYSIS??

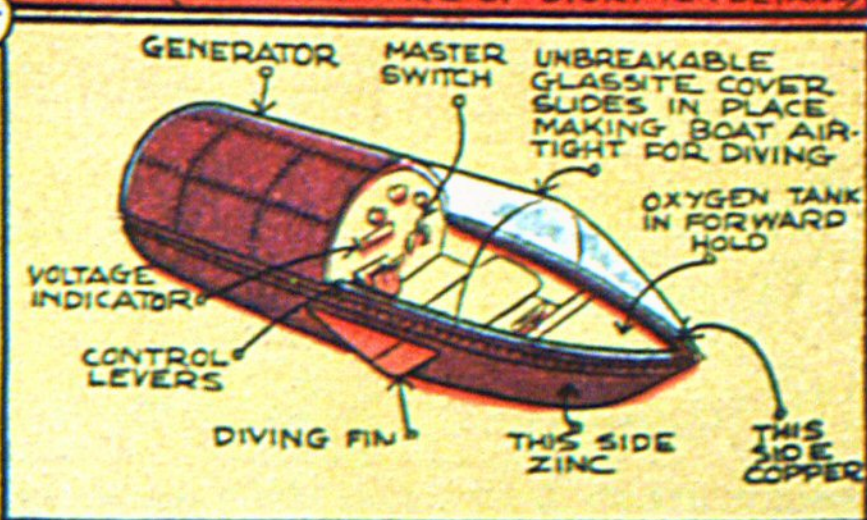


NOTING ELECTROLYSIS IS THE BREAKING UP OF WATER MOLECULES BY MEANS OF ELECTRICITY

THAT'S IT! IF THINGS WORK OUT RIGHT, THIS WILL BE THE SOLUTION TO THE ANNUAL PROBLEM OF FLOODS!—THE GENERATOR INSIDE GIVES OFF A CURRENT SO STRONG THAT WATER IS CHANGED INTO ITS ORIGINAL ELEMENTS, HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN GAS WITHIN A RADIUS OF A HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE BOAT!



THE BOAT IS MADE OF TWO METALS:—ZINC ON ONE SIDE AND COPPER ON THE OTHER.—THE CURRENT TRAVELS INTO THE WATER THROUGH THE BOAT BOTTOM AND IS SO POWERFUL THAT IT DOESN'T REQUIRE THE PRESENCE OF SULPHURIC ACID TO AID THE CIRCUIT (SEE LAST PAGE OF STORY FOR DETAILS)



I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED IT POSSIBLE!—LOOK AT THE WATER LEVEL FALL!



MEANWHILE, SINISTER THINGS ARE BEING ENACTED FURTHER UP THE RIVER—A DANGEROUS GANG OF HIGH-WATER PIRATES ARE SYSTEMATICALLY PLUNDERING THE FLOODED HOMES, UNDER THE EVIL LEADERSHIP OF "SIN" BARTLETT



THERE'S THUH RIPPER HOUSE AHEAD!—OUGHTA BE SOMETHIN' JUICY WAITIN' FER US, WHUT WITH ALL THUH SUGAR THEY'VE GOT!

YOU SAID IT, SIN!



BUT THE HOME IS NOT EMPTY!—PRETTY JANE RIPPER IS TRAPPED ON THE SECOND FLOOR



OH!!—I THOUGHT YOU WERE—

NO, THIS AINT NO RESCUE SQUAD—HAND OVER YUR JOOLRY!



ONE MEAGLY DIAMOND!! SAY WHO YUH KIDDIN', RIPPER?—I KNOW YOU GOT MORE'N THAT—I SEEN IT IN THUH PAPERS NOW FORK OVER!!

B-BUT THEY'RE NOT HERE!





UPON INVESTIGATION THEY FIND JANE SUFFERING GREAT TORTURE FIGHTING MAD DICKIE AND HAP BURST IN UPON THE SCENE



BUT AS THE TWO BEGIN TO GAIN THE UPPER HAND, ONE OF THE THUGS DRAWS HIS GUN TRUE TO HAP'S PREDICTION



DICKIE AN EXPERT AT JIU-JITSU, LEAPS FOR THE KILLER, STRIKING THE NERVE CENTER ON THE SIDE OF HIS NECK- THIS PARALYZES THE THUG.

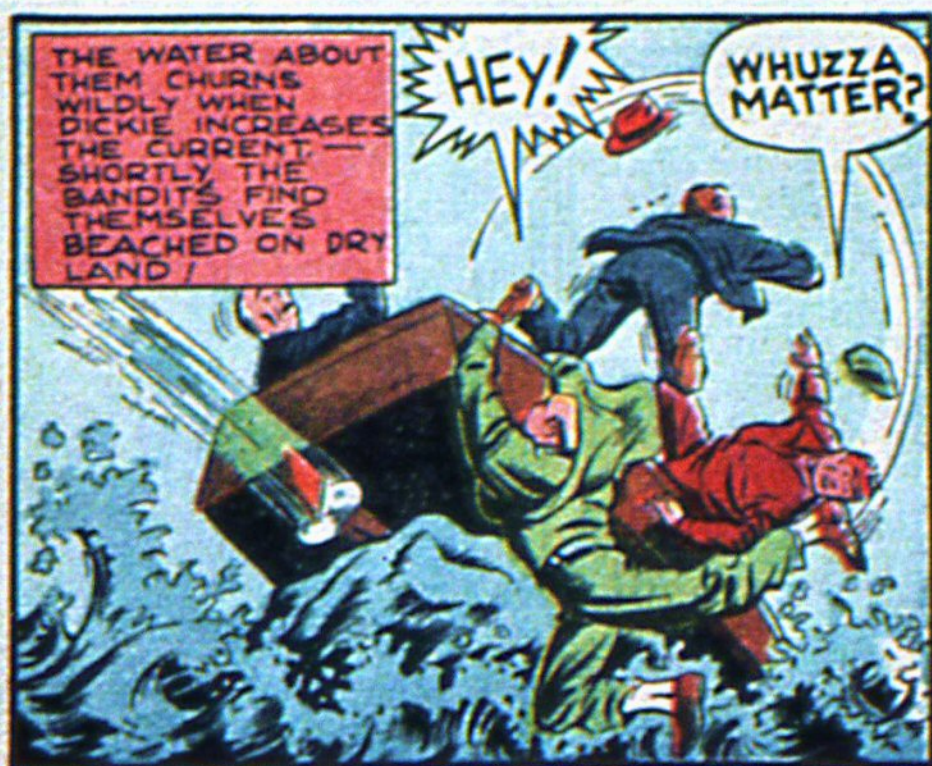
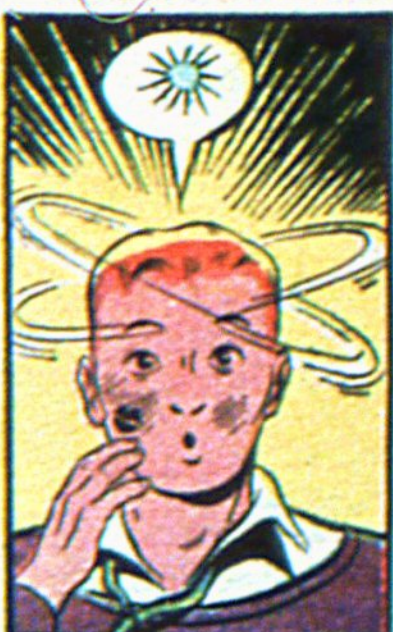


ANOTHER BANDIT REACHES FOR HIS GUN BUT DICKIE BEATS HIM TO THE DRAW WITH A POCKET SQUIRT GUN



WITH THE THUGS SUBDUED DICKIE AND HAP TIE THEM UP AND LOCK THEM IN A ROOM







SUMTHIN'S MIGHTY QUEER ABOUT THIS!— NO FLOOD COULD DROP THAT FAST!!—

BACK INTO THE DRINK BOYS!!

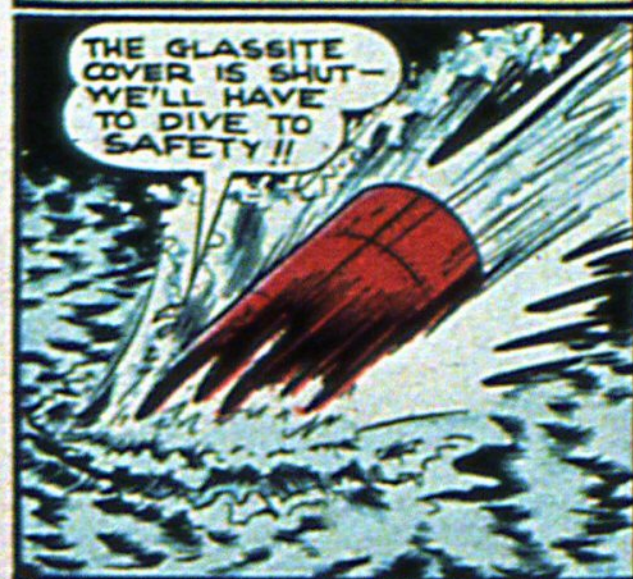
AS SOON AS THE THUGS LAUNCH THEIR BOAT, DICKIE GIVES ANOTHER BLAST ON HIS SUPER GENERATOR AND PLACES THEM BACK ON GROUND. TIME AFTER TIME THIS HAPPENS.



BLAST IT!! WHAT IS THIS??

HEY SIN— THAT BOAT OUT THERE— MEBBE IT'S THE JINX!

THE FASTER PIRATE CRAFT HEADS OUT TO DEEP WATER OVERTAKING DICKIE AND HAP



THE GLASSITE COVER IS SHUT— WE'LL HAVE TO DIVE TO SAFETY!!

DICKIE PILOTS HIS SUB-BOAT DIRECTLY UNDER THE ENEMY AND STEPS UP THE VOLTAGE. GIANT BUBBLES OF HYDROGEN AND OXYGEN BOIL TO THE SURFACE —



WE'RE CAPSIZING!!

AS THE BANDITS FALL OVERBOARD, ONE OF THEM FIRES HIS GUN. RISING HYDROGEN IS IGNITED BY THE POWDER FLASH AND EXPLODES!! THE END OF A MERCILESS MOB OF KILLERS



DICKIE AND HAP RETURN TO THE SURFACE



THEY-THEY'RE DEAD!! *GULP* I ONLY MEANT TO CAPTURE THEM.— NOW I'M A-A MURDERER!!

EASY, BOY. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!— THINK OF ALL THE LIVES YOU'RE GOING TO SAVE!

HAP'S COMFORTING WORDS CHEER
DICKIE UP— THEY GET FORTH



ONCE AGAIN THE ELECTROLYSIS MACHINE
LOWERS THE RIVER INTO ITS REGULAR
CHANNEL



DICKIE AND HAP
APPROACH A
SAND-BAG LEVEE
ABOUT TO
COLLAPSE —



A TERRIFIED FAMILY ON A RAFT
NEARS DESTRUCTION —



BUT THE WONDERFUL INVENTION
PERFORMS ITS DEED OF MERCY!!



AND SO IT GOES! - ALL NIGHT LONG DICKIE AND HAP SPEED UP THE RIVER SAVING LIVES AND LEAVING A NORMAL FLOW OF WATER BEHIND THEM.

DICKIE TELLS HOW HE HOPES TO SEE HIS ELECTROLYSIS OUTFITS IN USE ON ALL RIVERS TO CONTROL FLOODS.

GREY DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY FINDS THE TWO RETURNING HOME WEARY BUT HAPPY, - THE MANY EXPERIENCES OF THE NIGHT HAVE MADE THEM CLOSE FRIENDS. HAP IS FILLED WITH ADMIRATION FOR DICKIE.

LIKE TO SEE THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES PLAY SATURDAY??

WOULD I! YOU BET!!

HE'S ONE IN A MILLION! - I'D LIKE TO TELL HIM SO TOO BUT IT WOULD ONLY EMBARRASS HIM.

GOSH, WHAT A SWELL GUY HAP IS!



NEXT MORNING -

DICKIE, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY



A GREAT CROWD IS GATHERED TO PAY YOUNG DICKIE PROPER TRIBUTE.

WE WANT DICKIE DEAN!!

THERE HE IS!!

HURRAY FOR DEAN!!

GOSH!

SPEECH!



DICKIE DEAN CONTINUES HIS AMAZING EXPLOITS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **SILVER STREAK COMICS**

WATCH FOR THE INVENTION THAT WILL DEFY ONE OF THE MOST DEADLY ENEMIES OF MANKIND!!!

**IT'S ELECTRIFYING!
IT'S DIFFERENT!!
IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR!!!**

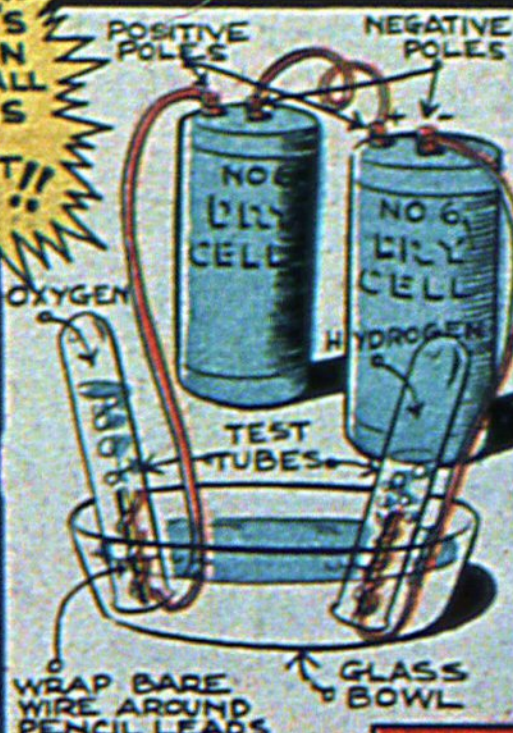
DICKIE DEAN'S WORKSHOP!!



HEY! - HERE'S HOW YOU CAN MAKE A SMALL ELECTROLYSIS OUTFIT THAT WORKS JUST LIKE MINE!!

FIRST, FILL A GLASS BOWL HALF FULL OF WATER AND ADD HALF A TEASPOON OF SODIUM BISULFATE TO EACH GLASS OF WATER USED. (YOU CAN GET SODIUM BISULFATE AT YOUR DRUGGIST). FILL TWO TEST TUBES WITH THE SOLUTION AND PLACE IN BOWL AS SHOWN, WITHOUT LETTING ANY AIR INTO THEM. NOW GET TWO OLD PENCIL LEADS AND CONNECT ONE OF THESE TO THE POSITIVE POLE (A) AND THE OTHER TO THE NEGATIVE POLE (B) OF TWO OR THREE NO. 6 DRY CELLS.

THEN PLACE THE LEADS UNDER THE TEST TUBES AND CONNECT THE DRY CELLS TOGETHER AS SHOWN IN DIAGRAM.



WHEN THE CELLS ARE CONNECTED BUBBLES WILL RISE FROM THE LEADS. NOTE THAT TWICE AS MUCH GAS IS COMING FROM ONE AS FROM THE OTHER. THE TUBE WITH THE MOST GAS IN IT CONTAINS HYDROGEN. THE OTHER CONTAINS OXYGEN - THIS SHOWS THAT WATER IS ONE PART OXYGEN AND TWO PARTS HYDROGEN (H_2O). - LIFT THE HYDROGEN TUBE OUT OF WATER AND QUICKLY TOUCH A MATCH TO IT - POP! A TINY EXPLOSION. NOW PUT A GLOWING STICK INTO THE OTHER AND WATCH IT BURST INTO A SMALL FLAME. OXYGEN IS WHAT MAKES A FIRE BURN!

WATCH FOR NEXT MONTH'S EXPERIMENT - IT'S A PIPPIN!!

PRICE GOES UP AFTER THIS SALE

Boys PRINT

CARDS • CUTS
TICKETS • LABELS
from real
PRINTER'S METAL TYPE
with PRINTER'S INK

AMAZING NEW ONE-MAN SHOP

For the first time you can now get a boy's printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies — lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this LOW price.

COMES COMPLETE

Equipment includes substantially built, ALL STEEL press, mechanically operated rubber inking roller, 3x3½ inches steel type chase, 138 piece set of 12 point Gothic type, en and em quads, thin spaces, rigglets, lock-up screws, ink, paper and step-by-step instructions, easily followed. Extra type 50c.

Prints with TYPE THIS SIZE

SEND NO MONEY

—unless you wish.

When the postman brings your press pay \$2 plus 60c for charges (Pacific Coast \$2.85). OR, if you prefer attach \$2 plus 35c postage and SAVE the C.O.D. fee.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Extra Type - 50c Type Case - 50c
Extra Spaces 1000 pc.
and Quads 50c Paper - - 50c

The "LITTLE-MAN" works like famous GORDON PRESS

You get real experience—learn to set type, lock up forms, read proof, make ready, get okays, feed the press—learn to love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words that move people, after the manner of Franklin, Greeley, etc. EXPERIENCE WORTH \$100. Learning to print is worth a lot. You can print for profit, make money; or for pleasure. You learn an important business. Thousands of big advertising and newspaper men got started in this very way.

MAIL TODAY BEFORE PRICE GOES UP

PECK BROTHERS

AMT. ENC.

2928 Whitney Ave., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

Send One Little-Man Printing Outfit, \$2.60 C.O.D. (Pacific Coast \$2.85). Cash \$2.35. Extra type 50c.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

11 inches
High

**SPECIAL
DURING THIS SALE**

\$2

THE CLAW RETURNS!



THE
MONSTER
GIANT OF
TERROR
RETURNS TO
THE PAGES OF
**SILVER STREAK
COMICS.....**
MORE BRUTAL
THAN EVER!!!
EVIL EYES PEEK
INTO THE CRYSTAL
BALL OF THE FUTURE
REVEALING A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL IN THE CLAW'S CRUEL
TORTURE CHAMBER..... A
LARGE OCEAN LINER BEING
LIFTED LIKE A TOY..... A CITY
WRECKED BY THIS GREATEST OF
ALL MONSTERS!! THESE ARE
BUT A FEW OF THE THRILLS
WAITING FOR YOU IN
NEXT ISSUE OF:
**SILVER STREAK
COMICS!!**

YES THE CLAW DOES RETURN! AMERICA'S MOST
FANTASTIC CHARACTER WILL SEND SHIVERS UP AND
DOWN YOUR SPINE! WATCH FOR HIM! THE CLAW
HAS A SPECIAL MESSAGE FOR YOU... A MESSAGE
THAT YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS! WHAT IS IT??
BE SURE TO GET THE NEXT ISSUE OF:
SILVER STREAK COMICS!!